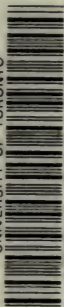


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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDWARD MOORE.  
WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

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Truth under fiction I impart,  
To weed out folly from the heart---  
I flatter none: the great and good  
Are by their actions understood.  
I echo not the voice of Fame  
That dwells delighted on your name:  
Her friendly tale, however true,  
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.  
The proud, the envious, and the vain,  
The silt, the prude, demand my strain:  
To these detesting praise I write,  
And vent in charity my spite:  
With friendly hand I hold the glass  
To all promisc'ous as they pass;  
Should Folly there her likeness view,  
I fret not that the mirror's true:  
If the fantastic form offend,  
I made it not, but would amend.  
Premising this, your anger spare,  
And claim the fable you who dare.

*Fable I.*

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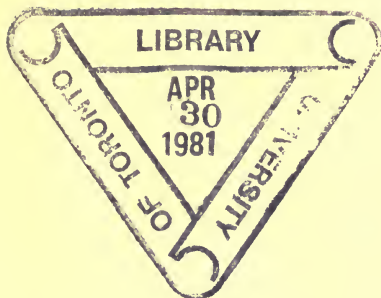
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## LIFE OF MOORE.

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FOR the particulars of the life of Edward Moore, who by his fables has acquired great literary fame, the world is indebted to the Reverend Joshua Toulmin, the judicious historian of Taunton, a divine of profound learning and liberal principles, who derived his information respecting the descent and education of our author from his only surviving sister.

Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in the county of Berks, March 22, 1712. He was the third son of the Rev. Thomas Moore, A. M. minister of a congregation of protestant dissenters in that town, who, for some years previous to his settling there, had kept an academy at Bridgewater for the tuition of youth designed for the ministry, or desirous of going through a course of literature to qualify them for the more important departments in life. He died at Abingdon, about the year 1722.

The seminary at Bridgewater was supported by the Rev. John Moore, A. M. uncle to our author, through a period of more than fifty years [a small interruption in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign excepted, when he was obliged to secrete himself] till the time of his death, in 1748, in a manner that redounded to his own honour, and the credit of learning, religion, and virtue. The only literary production attributed to the father of our author is a tract on the controversy of the day between the established church and the dissenters, entitled "The Honesty of Protestant Dissenters vindicated, in answer to Mr. Peer's character of a Protestant Dissenter, in twelve marks, with some remarks on the additional Preface." This work is written upon liberal principles, with judgment and candour, and indicates much point and humour. His widow died in London, about 1771, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, expressing to the last an affectionate remembrance of the excellencies of his character, and her painful sense of the great loss sustained in

the removal of a most beloved partner, after the happiest union during a course of twenty years.

As he lost his father before he was ten years old, the care of his education devolved on his uncle, under whose immediate superintendance he passed some years, and was then removed to the public school of East Orchard in Dorsetshire.

His friends do not appear to have designed him for any of the learned professions, as he was placed by them with an eminent wholesale linen-draper, in London, and having acquired some knowledge of trade in his service, he went to Ireland in the capacity of a factor, and resided there for some years. On his return he entered into partnership in the linen trade; but his success in business not answering his expectation, the connection was dissolved. It has been said that he never was in business on his own account; but that he had been engaged in commercial employ is evident from the following stanzas in his "Ode to Garrick, on the talk of the Town on his Marriage."

And then there's Belmont, to be sure,  
 Oho! my gentle *Neddy Moore*  
 How does my good Lord Mayor?  
 And have you left *Cheapside*, my dear?  
 And will you write again next year,  
 And shew your fav'rite player?

Whether from a stronger attachment to the study than the counter; from a more ardent zeal in the pursuit of fame than in the search after fortune; or whether, from the cause assigned by our author himself in the preface to the quarto edition of his works, that "his marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination;" he certainly quitted business to join the retinue of these ladies, and soon gave proofs of very considerable talents for poetry.

In 1744 he produced his first performance, entitled *Fables for the Female Sex*, which were very favourably received. They are admitted by the generality of critics to approach nearer to the manner of Gay, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the force of the moral, and the poignancy of

the satire, than any of the numerous imitations of that much admired fabulist which have been attempted since their publication.

Three of these fables, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, *The Female Seducers*, and *Love and Vanity*, were the production of his worthy and ingenious friend, Henry Brooke, Esq. whose assistance he acknowledges in the preface, without mentioning the pieces he contributed to the work.

“To avoid,” says he, “the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to inform those who know me, that I have been assisted in the following papers by the author of *Gustavus Vasa*. Let the crime of pleasing be his whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.”

The encomium passed by Moore on his poetical associate has by some been deemed rather extravagant, though it is acknowledged by his contemporaries in general, that Brooke, with many peculiarities, was a man of genius and learning, and, what is far superior, a valuable member of society.

In 1748 he undertook the defence of the first Lord Lyttleton in an ironical poem, called *The Trial of Selim the Persian, for high Crimes and Misdemeanors*, in which he has shewn himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyric, such as is couched under the appearance of accusation, and for which, it is observed by one of his biographers, he was paid with kind words, which, as is too common, raised great expectations that were at last disappointed.

The same year he produced his first dramatic attempt, *The Foundling*, a comedy, at Drury Lane theatre, but which, though aided by the acting of Garrick and other performers of the first eminence, did not meet with the success it deserved. On the first night of its appearance, the character of Faddle giving much disgust, as supposed to be aimed at a fop of distinction, the comedy was considerably curtailed in all the ensu-

ing representations. It was also condemned from an opinion that prevailed that it bore a near resemblance to many parts and passages in Steele's *Conscious Lovers*. on a comparative view, however, there will be found very little of the supposed analogy; and the comedy has since been frequently performed with universal applause. The prologue was written by Brocke.

Soon after the appearance of his *Foundling*, he wrote a little piece which he entitled *The Trial of Sarah* \*\*\* *alias Slim Sal, a Jeu d'Esprit*, occasioned by the vivacity and good humour with which he passed an evening with a lively party at a friend's house at Eaton, near St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire. This trifle was highly relished by the party, to whom the allusions required no explanation.

In 1749, he wrote a complimentary ode to Garrick on his marriage with Madame Violetti, and the same year entered himself into that state of indissoluble union with a beautiful and accomplished woman, daughter of Mr. Hamilton, table director to the princesses; on which occasion Lord Lyttleton did him the honour of standing father. This lady had a poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted her husband in the writing of his plays. She expressed her partiality towards Moore in the following song, addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, in which she quibbles on his name with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expresses a sincere affection. This specimen of the lady's poetry was handed about before their marriage, and printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other miscellaneous collections of the times.

Would you think it, my Duck (for the fault I must own)  
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown;  
Her millions, if Fortune should lavishly pour,  
I still should be wretched if I had not *More*.

As gay as I am, should I spend half my days  
In dances and op'ras, ridottos and plays,  
Her fate your poor *Jenny* with tears would deplore,  
For, alas! my dear girl, what are these without *More*.

'Tis the same thing with pleasure, with money, with men,  
And I think I shall never be happy again;  
I've lovers, and dangles, and praters, good store,  
And yet, like *trav* woman, I still sigh for *More*.

Mamma, she cries, Jenny, why all this ado,  
 You may have a husband, you know child, or two:  
 But I pouted, and whimper'd, and fretted, and swore,  
 That I would not have one, unless I had *More*.

The giant, poor devil, has just now been here,  
 And has offer'd to settle eight hundred a-year;  
 But I answer'd the wretch as I once did before,  
 You know it wo'nt do, Sir, for I must have *More*.

Though the fool I despise should bespatter my fame,  
 Yet, I think I'm as wise as some folks I could name;  
 I but worship that idol which others adore,  
 For those that have thousands would gladly have *More*.

Now in spite of this craving, I vow and protest,  
 That avarice ne'er had a place in my breast,  
 For I swear I'd not envy the miser his store,  
 Had I but enough for myself and one *More*.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,  
 Whose merit can boast, such a conquest as me;  
 But you shan't know his name, tho' I told you before  
 It begins with an M, but I dare not say *More*.

Moore's reliance had hitherto been on the efforts of his pen, and he had cherished hopes from the civilities he had experienced from Lord Lyttleton, of deriving from his patronage a permanent income; but in this he was disappointed; some real advantages, however, accrued to him from the friendship of Garrick.

In 1751, his comedy of *Gil Blas*, was performed at the theatre in Drury Lane. It is the most inferior of his dramatic productions. The design is taken from the story of *Aurora*, in the excellent novel of *Gil Blas*,\* but bears too near a resemblance to the plot of the *Kind Impostor*; and he is accused by the critics of having deviated greatly from truth in the manners of his characters. Notwithstanding these imperfections, and a violent opposition, the piece was carried through the nine nights, the cause of which was chiefly attributed to the exertions of Mr. Garrick, in the interest of the author.

In 1753, he produced his *Gamester*, a tragedy, which was likewise acted at Drury-Lane theatre, but with no great degree of applause. Great prejudices having been too justly entertained both against the author and his piece, from his *Gil Blas* being forced

\* *Gil Blas* is included in the select Novels, which form a part of our Pocket Library.

upon the town several successive nights, notwithstanding every token of disapprobation; to obviate that vindictive severity very naturally expected on the present occasion, Spence permitted *The Gamester* for the first four nights of its performance to be imputed to him; but when he threw aside the mask, as he supposed the success of the play to be no longer doubtful; such was the unconquerable power of prejudice, that many of those very persons who had applauded *The Gamester* as the work of *Spence*, were amongst the foremost to condemn it as the production of *Moore*.

Waving prejudices, from whatever grounds they may have been imbibed, it may be affirmed that this tragedy is Moore's best dramatic performance. It is written in prose, though some part of it had been originally composed in blank verse. The language is nervous, and yet pathetic; the plot is artful, yet well conducted; the characters are strongly marked, yet natural; and the catastrophe is truly tragic, yet not unjust. It was objected to on its first appearance as too prosaic in the language, and too horrible in the catastrophe, for no other apparent reason, but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable, though most destructive of all vices.

The *Gamester* was shewn to Dr. Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, who afforded it the highest sanction of recommendation in this remarkable expression, that "gaming wanted such a caustic as the concluding scene of the play presented." In his preface, the author says, and with much propriety, "I should humbly presume that the working it up to any uncommon degree of horror is the *merit* of the play, and not its *reproach*. Nor should so prevailing and destructive a vice as gaming be attacked upon the theatre, without impressing upon the imagination all the horrors that attend it."

Mr. Garrick, from motives of friendship, exerted himself for the success of both these pieces, as an actor and an author. "In the latter he distinguished himself," says his biographer, "by uncommon spirits in



some scenes, and by great agonizing feelings in the last." Moore, in his preface, expresses his admiration of this inimitable performer, who, in the character of Beverley, exceeded every idea he had conceived of it in writing, and acknowledged himself indebted to him for many popular passages in the play. The scene in particular between *Lewson* and *Stukely* has been ascribed wholly to Garrick. *The Gamester* still keeps possession of the stage, where it has received great recommendation from the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character of Mrs. Beverley.

In the year 1753, our author commenced a weekly miscellaneous paper called *The World*, by *Adam Fitz-Adam*, which he regularly carried on till February, 1757. The design, as he explains it in the first number, was "to ridicule with novelty and good humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which we call the *World*, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements." Many distinguished literary characters afforded their assistance to this work. Amongst these were, the Honourable Horace Walpole, the Earl of Orford, Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. the Earl of Corke, Sir David Dalrymple, the Earl of Chesterfield, Dr. Warton, Whitehead, Lovibond, Jenyns, and other writers of eminence, who, as Moore expresses it, "ornamented this publication with their beauty, and honoured it with their essays."—The demand for *The World* greatly exceeded expectation, and, during the time of its appearance, it was the only fashionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public.

The first paper sent by Lord Chesterfield, being without any notice from whence it came, underwent but a slight inspection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have stopped any further communication, but Lord Lyttleton happening fortunately to call at Dodsley's, the paper was shewn to him. He immediately knew the hand, and still more the manner of writing. Moore

being informed of the discovery, read the paper attentively, discerned its merits, and thought proper not only to publish it directly but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the writer. Lord Chesterfield was so gratified by the behaviour of Moore upon the occasion, that he placed an implicit confidence in his taste and judgment as an Editor, and whenever he sent a paper for insertion in *The World*, he gave him liberty to publish it entirely, to alter any part of it, or suppress it altogether.

Mr. Toulmin, on the authority of Dr. Farr of Taunton, alleges that when Moore collected the papers for publication, he solicited permission to dedicate one of the volumes to Mr. Cambridge, who assented to it, upon condition that he himself should write the dedication, a task which he executed with the utmost delicacy, and in a manner that did equal honour to his head and heart.

It is not a little singular, that Moore, with all his own exertions, and all his seemingly important connections, scarcely obtained an income sufficient to live in a style of respectability. In 1755, he settled with his family in a little house at South-Lambeth, and had for his neighbour, Cooke the translator of Hesiod, with whom he had been acquainted before the publication of his Fables. They both met at a weekly club in the neighbourhood, which was usually composed, among others, of several literary characters; Dr. Howard, H. Hatfield, Sir Joseph Mawbey, &c. Moore and Cooke lived on friendly terms with each other, though they widely differed in their manners and habits.

In the life of Cooke there is the following account given by Sir Joseph Mawbey in the Gentleman's Magazine.

“Cooke” says the Baronet “began the world with little fortune, and he was early thrown upon the town with strong passions, which it is supposed he gratified very freely in the younger part of his life. He was, when I knew him, regular and sober, though convivial.

No one enjoyed the pleasures of the table more than he did, or was more entertaining at it. Though he spoke with much freedom of men and things, and we did not think his strictures on either well founded, he had such a fund of general knowledge and anecdote, without being in reality ill-natured, that it was impossible for such as knew him thoroughly to avoid being pleased.

“ He was however not unfrequently dictatorial and assuming, which often disgusted strangers, and made him feared by many. Moore, H. Hatfield, Dr. Howard, and many other lively companions, were visibly restrained by Cooke, who excelled them in learning, and whose spirits generally induced him to take the lead in company and frequently with infinite humour; at the same time, it must be allowed, few exceeded him in sprightliness and witty conversation.”

Our author published his works in quarto by subscription, in 1756. Prefixed to them is a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, in which he took occasion to compliment his Grace's brother, Mr. Henry Pelham; that great statesman having honoured him with his patronage.

“ Defects in this work,” says Moore, in the preface, “ there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to mend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good humour. I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able; a legitimate one I am sure it is, and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.”

The weekly paper, *The World*, was continued 'till his death put a period to it. The last proof sheet of the complete edition of that work was waiting for correction when he expired at his house in South-Lambeth, February 28, 1757, in the 45th year of his age. He

was interred in the new burying-ground belonging to Lambeth Parish, near the High Street, but without a stone to mark the spot where his corpse was deposited.

Whether our author had any experience of the bounty of Lord Chesterfield in his life-time is not known; but after his decease the noble Earl testified a regard for his memory on conferring very signal favours on his son, not only by defraying the expence of his education 'till he was sixteen years of age, but presenting him with 500*l.* with part of which he purchased a place in the Salt-office; but inclining to the sea service, he went on board a man of war as a midshipman, and died at sea in 1773. Mrs. Moore, after the death of her husband obtained a place in the Queen's household, and lived with great comfort and respectability.

*The World*, which he just lived to complete was published in six volumes duodecimo, in 1757. The subsequent editions in four volumes, are too numerous to be specified. His Fables have been frequently reprinted, and with his other poems have been received into the collection of the works of the English poets. In the present edition the *Temple of Hymen*, is inserted among the Fables contributed by Brooke, omitted in some former editions.

Of Brooke we have met with the following memorial.—“He was born in 1706. His father, the Reverend William Brooke, of Rantavan had considerable church preferment in Ireland. He was educated at Dr. Sheridan's school, and from thence removed to the temple, in his sixteenth year. The engaging sweetness of his temper, and peculiar vivacity of his genius, attracted the notice and esteem of the reigning wits. Swift prophesied wonders of him. Pope affectionately loved him. Thus flattered and encouraged, he returned to Ireland, and married privately his cousin, Miss Means, who had her first child before she was fourteen. He went a second time to London, but poetry was as fatal there as love had been in Ireland. The study of the law appeared drier than ever. He renewed his intimacy with Pope, and wrote his poem

of "Universal Beauty" under his eye and criticism. He was however, soon obliged to return; family affairs demanding his presence. He practised for some time as chamber counsel. In 1737 he went a third time to England, where Pope received him with open arms. Lyttleton soon distinguished and cherished a mind and genius similar to his own. Pitt was particularly fond of him, and introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who caressed him with uncommon liberality, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendship. Here, flushed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praise, he produced his tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*. Government took offence at the spirit of liberty which it breathed, and closed the theatres against it, but could not prevent its publication.

"Encouraged by his success, he took a house at Twickenham, and sent for Mrs. Brooke, who was proposed by the prince to be nurse to his present Majesty. While every prospect smiled, he was seized with a violent and unconquerable ague, ordered to return to his native air, and spent the remainder of his life in Ireland. While barrack-master to Lord Chesterfield, while writer of the "Farmers Letters, &c." he passed, no doubt, through many busy and interesting scenes, but the particulars are not sufficiently known to be related with certainty. He left the country, and rented a house and farm in Kildare, where he resided for a few years. He afterwards took and improved a farm in the vicinity of the family estate. Shortly after his wife died, and with her all his happiness and the best part of his existence. At length he withdrew to his paternal seat, where he devoted himself wholly to the muses. He wrote several tragedies and formed golden dreams of their success upon the English stage, from his interest with Garrick, but was disappointed. He tried the Irish stage, and was tolerably successful, but not equal to his hopes and his occasions. He was compelled to mortgage, and at last to sell his paternal estate. From this

time he excluded himself entirely from the world; the powers of his mind decayed, and his genius flashed but by fits. The last of his writings were the *Fool of Quality* and *Juliet Grenville*. He died October 10, 1783, in the 77th year of his age.

“Brooke died, as he lived, a Christian. With the meekness of a lamb, and the fortitude of a hero, he supported the tedious infirmities of age, the languors of sickness, and the pains of dissolution, and his death like his life was instructive. Of nineteen children two only survived him, a son in the army, since dead, and a daughter who inherited his genius. She published a quarto volume of poems in 1792, and died in 1793.

“His poetical works, including fifteen plays, were collected into four volumes octavo in 1778. His *Universal Beauty*, a philosophical poem in six books; two books of *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered*; *Constantia, or the Man of Law's Tale*, modernized from Chaucer; *Redemption*, a poem; *Corade*, a fragment; *The Fox Chase*, a poem, &c. were recommended to be inserted with his fables in the works of the British poets, but were excluded in consequence of some arrangement relative to the extent of the collection.

“The fables of Brooke may vie with almost every production of the kind, for poetical colouring, facility of versification, and strength of sentiment. They have all the flowing ease, clearness of expression, and poignancy of satire that are to be found in Gay and Moore. But with all their merit they have been thought too extensive for that kind of writing: fable should be short, strong in application, quick in effect, and poignant in the moral. The *Temple of Hymen* is properly an allegorical tale: It is flowing, clear, and poetical, and ends with a well-turn'd compliment to Lord Charlemont. The *Sparrow and the Dove* breathes throughout the true spirit of poetry; but perspicuity is sometimes lost in the flight of the muse. Perhaps the connection and conduct of the fable would not be injured by the omission of about 150 lines, be-

gimming, *Freedom restrain'd by reason's force*, and ending, *While swelling with the darling theme*; the abstruse reasoning and philosophy, which might figure well in another place are very improper in the character of a *Dove*. The *Female Seducers* is an excellent performance: perspicuity, without which genius wants its best support, is sometimes wanting; but all the pictures and descriptions are very highly coloured, and the versification is exquisitely polished and harmonious. *Love and Vanity* has great strength and vigour of poetry, and some of those peculiarities which run through the great variety of his performances."

Moore, whose literary genius as a fabulist resembled that of his friend Brooke, was a truly amiable and respectable character. He possessed a remarkably happy temper, and was a most cheerful and engaging companion. The simplicity of his manners endeared him to the whole circle of his friends, who never mentioned his name but with the profoundest esteem and veneration. From the respectable characters of his coadjutors in the *World*, and those to whom his several pieces are addressed, it appears that he was honoured with the friendship of almost all his contemporaries, who were themselves remarkable for talents and for learning; and it is observed with great justice and candour, that the papers written by Moore will suffer no injury by a comparison with any of those contributed to the work by his literary friends.

The following letter of Moore, furnished by Mr. Toulmin, is a specimen of that vivacity and wit attuned with a proper portion of what may be called the moral sense, which formed a leading trait in his character. It is addressed to the Reverend John Ward, a dissenting minister at Taunton, who, venerable as he was himself for learning, worth, piety and years, deemed it an honour to have his name connected with that of Moore. This letter was occasioned by his being prevented by Fielding's illness, from appointing an evening on which he might invite

Mr. Ward to meet at his lodgings some of the first literary characters of the day.

“ It is not owing to forgetfulness that you have not heard from me before. Fielding continues to be visited for his sins, so as to be wheeled about from room to room : when he mends, I am sure to see him at my lodgings ; and you may depend upon timely notice : what fine things are wit and beauty, if a man could be temperate with the one, or a woman chaste with the other ! But he that will confine his acquaintance to the sober and modest, will generally find himself among the dull and the ugly. If this remark of mine should be thought to shoulder itself in without an introduction, you will please to note that Fielding is a wit ; that his disorder is the gout, and intemperance the cause.”

“ Moore” says Sir Joseph Mawbey, who knew him well, “ was cousin-german to Fuller the banker. He told me he had been in Ireland on some scheme of business, I believe in the linen trade. He was a well-bred, amiable man, and a cheerful, witty and entertaining companion. Cooke and Moore had often proposed to themselves, and to me, considerable pleasure in attending me at the next assizes of Surry, of which it was known I was to be Sheriff in February 1757. Before such assize meeting in March, I had alas ! to regret the death of both my neighbours and friends ; Cooke being buried on the first of January, in that year, and Moore on the fifth of March following.”

The poetical compositions of Moore, possess a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent happiness of expression. If his style is not highly elevated, it is correct and accurate. Though he cannot be placed in the first class of dramatic writers, his tragedy of the Gamester entitles him to a respectable rank. The plots of his pieces are in general interesting, his characters well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language pleasing : but his writings derive the greatest merit from their apparent tendency to promote the cause of benevolence and humanity.



His fables to which we have previously adverted, are fraught with poetical spirit, beautiful imagery, and harmony of numbers. They not only deserve commendation as inculcating lessons of morality, but as exhibiting a striking display of human life.

The following verses, written in a copy of Moore's fables by Garrick, are not only an elegant and well-turned compliment to the fair possessor of it, but truly descriptive of the nature and merit of the work.

While here the poet paints the charms  
Which bless the perfect dame,  
Her unaffected beauty warms,  
And art preserves the flame.  
How prudence, virtue, sense, agree  
To form the happy wife,  
In *Lucy* and her *look* I see  
The *picture* and the *life*.

Sir Joseph Mawbey has transcribed from Cooke's Common-place book his "remarks on Moore's fables," which the baronet believes "will be allowed to be very just by every lover of poetry." They are as follow:

"June 1743. I read sixteen fables in manuscript wrote by Mr. Edward Moore. The ninth, *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, is a very pretty fable, and there are great elegancies in the introduction. The sixteenth and last fable called *The Female Seducers* is a charming, elegant poem. These two fables are far superior to the rest, and are unexceptionably good. The diction is such as the province of poetry requires; and there are many delicacies in sentiment and expression; and the imagery is strong and delightful. The other fables have their merit, but have many imperfections, which I doubt not the author will remove before they are printed. The versification through all is sweet with very few exceptions. His images are some of them lovely, and livelily clothed. The following four verses are from the ninth fable addressed to a lady.

Sweet are the flowers that deck the field,  
Sweet are the flowers that blossoms yield;  
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,  
And sweet, though sweeter, you, the rose."

“ Here is true simplicity and sweetness. Speaking in the last fable of the dissolution of things, he has some of the most beautiful images I desire to see in poetry; as these lines.

Gone like traces in the deep,  
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep;  
Dews exh'ld from sunny glades,  
Melting snows and gliding shades.

Sir Joseph Mawbey justly observes, that Cooke “ might have given many other extracts from them equally beautiful.” He appears to have been unacquainted with the real author of *The Female Seducers*.

The most considerable of his miscellaneous pieces is *The Trial of Selim*, which contains much fine irony, expressed in elegant versification. His *Odes* are pleasing, and poetical, but have not the fire and enthusiasm which belong to the higher kind of lyric poetry. His *Songs* may be justly ranked among the best compositions of the kind in our language. They are simple, elegant, and sprightly in the highest degree.

“ His poetical works,” says Sir Joseph Mawbey, “ have established his name for genius, though they did not procure him much fortune, nor patrons to place him in a state of independence. There is an easy elegance in his compositions which renders them as pleasing as any in the English language.” Upon the whole it appears that our author possessed a degree of literary merit sufficient to obtain the commendation of contemporaries, and command the esteem and respect of future ages.



## PREFACE.

**M**OST of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces, but as many of them were printed without a name, I was advised, by some particular friends, to collect them into a volume, and publish them by subscription. The painful task of soliciting such a subscription was chiefly undertaken by those friends, and with such spirit and zeal, that I should be greatly wanting in gratitude if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my most sincere acknowledgments. I am also obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a considerable number of subscribers in that kingdom, a list of whose names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was desired not to delay publication. I mention this seeming neglect that my friends on that side the water may not accuse me of any disrespect.

Such as the work now is I submit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will I hope be no discredit to them. Upon the whole, I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able: a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.

## DEDICATION.

---

TO HIS GRACE  
THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

**H**AD I the honour of being personally known to your Grace, I had not thus presumptuously addressed you without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence; but that your Grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good man whose name is prefixed to the first of these poems was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your Grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of some small share of that notice with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent administration of public affairs: that the salutary measures you are pursuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happiness to these kingdoms, is the sincere wish of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most humble,

Most obedient, and

Most devoted Servant,

EDWARD MOORE.

*Tully's Head, Pall Mall,*

*Feb. 26, 1756.*

# FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

## FABLE I.

### THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

**T**HE moral lay to beauty due  
I write, Fair Excellence! to you,  
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours  
Have been employ'd to sweeten your's.  
Truth under fiction I impart 5  
To weed out folly from the heart,  
And shew the paths that lead astray  
The wand'ring nymph from Wisdom's way.  
I flatter none: the great and good  
Are by their actions understood: 10  
Your monument if actions raise  
Shall I deface by idle praise?  
I echo not the voice of Fame  
That dwells delighted on your name:  
Her friendly tale, however true, 15  
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.  
The proud, the envious, and the vain,  
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:  
To these, detesting praise, I write,  
And vent in charity my spite: 20  
With friendly hand I hold the glass  
To all promis'ous as they pass;  
Should Folly there her likeness view  
I fret not that the mirror's true:  
If the fantastic form offend, 25  
I made it not, but would amend.  
Virtue in ev'ry clime and age  
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,  
While satire, that offends the ear  
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her. 30  
Premising this your anger spare,  
And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions press'd,  
 To Jupiter their prayers address'd :  
 By specious lies the state was vex'd, 35  
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd ;  
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)  
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.  
 Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sat  
 Decider of the grand debate. 40

The Pie, to truit and power prefer'd,  
 Demands permission to be heard :  
 Says he, " Prolixity of phrase  
 " You know I hate. This libel says  
 " Some birds there are who prone to noise 45  
 " Are hir'd to silence Wisdom's voice,  
 " And skill'd to chatter out the hour,  
 " Rise by their emptiness to power.  
 " That this is aim'd direct at me  
 " No doubt you'll readily agree ; 50  
 " Yet well this sage assembly knows  
 " By parts to government I rose ;  
 " My prudent counsels prop the state ;  
 " Magpies were never known to prate."

The Kite rose up ; his honest heart 55  
 In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.  
 " That there were birds of prey he knew,  
 " So far the libeller said true,  
 " Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,  
 " Who knew no interest but their own, 60  
 " Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,  
 " Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd :  
 " This might be true, but if apply'd  
 " To him, in troth the stand'rer ly'd :  
 " Since ign'rance then might be misled 65  
 " Such things he thought were best unsaid."

The Crow was vex'd : as yester-morn  
 He flew across the new-fown corn,  
 A screaming boy was set for pay,  
 He knew to drive the crows away ; 70  
 Scandal had found him out in turn,  
 And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose with solemn face,  
 And thus harangu'd upon the case :  
 " That Magpies prate it may be true, 75  
 " A Kite may be voracious too,  
 " Crows sometimes deal in new-fown pease ;  
 " He libels not who strikes at these :  
 " The slander's here—' But there are birds  
 ' Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words, 80  
 ' Blund'rers who level in the dark,  
 ' And always shoot beside the mark.'  
 " He names not me, but these are hints  
 " Which manifest at whom he squints ;  
 " I were indeed that blund'ring fowl 85  
 " 'To question if he meant an owl."  
 " Ye wretches hence !" the Eagle cries,  
 " 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies ;  
 " The virtuous mind takes no alarm,  
 " Secur'd by innocence from harm, 90  
 " While Guilt and his associate Fear  
 " Are startled at the passing air." 92

## FABLE II.

## THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

**T**HE man who seeks to win the fair  
 (So custom says) must truth forbear,  
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,  
 And raise the goddess to the sky,  
 For truth is hateful to her ear, 5  
 A rudeness which she cannot bear.  
 A rudeness! yes: I speak my thoughts,  
 For Truth upbraids her with her faults.  
 How, wretched Cloe! then am I ;  
 Who love you and yet cannot lie, 10  
 And still to make you less my friend  
 I strive your errors to amend!  
 But shall the senseless fop impart  
 The softest passion to your heart,  
 While he who tells you honest truth, 15  
 And points to happiness your youth,

Determines by his care his lot,  
And lives neglected and forgot ?

Trust me, my dear ! with greater ease  
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please, 20  
And similes in each dull line  
Like glow-worms in the dark should shine.

What if I say your lips disclose  
The freshness of the op'ning rose ?  
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs 25  
Enripen'd by refreshing showers ?

Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade  
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.

The butterfly, of various hue,  
More than the flower resembles you, 30  
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,  
To pleasure ever on the wing,  
Gaily coquetting for an hour,  
To die and ne'er be thought of more !

Would you the bloom of youth should last ? 35  
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,

An easy carriage, wholly free  
From sour reserve or levity,

Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,  
And looks unskill'd in any art, 40

Humility enough to own  
The frailties which a friend makes known,

And decent pride enough to know  
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay, 45  
Though youth and beauty fade away ;

And time, which all things else removes  
Still heightens virtue and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent  
This blunt address to you is sent ? 50

I'll spare the question, and confess  
I'd praise you if I lov'd you less ;

But rail, be angry, or complain,  
I will be rude while you are vain.



BENEATH a Lion's peaceful reign,  
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,  
 A Panther of majestic port,  
 (The vainest female of the court)  
 With spotted skin and eyes of fire,  
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire : 60  
 Where'er she mov'd a servile crowd  
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;  
 Assemblies ev'ry week she held,  
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,  
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace, 65  
 And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastic thing  
 Encircled by the spacious ring :  
 Low-bowing with important look  
 As first in rank the Monkey spoke. 70

"Gad take me, madam! but I swear  
 "No angel ever look'd so fair!  
 "Forgive my rudeness, but I vow  
 "You were not quite divine till now!  
 "Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes! 75  
 "O! close them or the gazer dies!"

"Nay, gentle Pug! for goodness hush ;  
 "I vow and swear you make me blush :  
 "I shall be angry at this rate ;  
 "'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate." 80

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,  
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd,  
 And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,  
 To which the fair have vast pretence!  
 Yet well he knew them always vain 85  
 Of what they strive not to attain,  
 And play'd so cunningly his part  
 That Pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,  
 And burnt, for what he durst not name, 90  
 Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood  
 Might make his meaning understood.  
 Half angry at the bold address  
 She frown'd, but yet she must confess

Such beauties might inflame his blood ;  
But still his phrase was somewhat rude. 95

The Hog her neatness much admir'd,  
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd,  
While all to feed her folly strove,  
And by their praises shar'd her love. 100

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd  
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,  
With graceful courage silence broke,  
And thus with indignation spoke :

“ When flatt'ring Monkeys fawn and prate 105

“ They justly raise contempt or hate,

“ For merit's turn'd to ridicule

“ Applauded by the grinning fool.

“ The artful Fox your wit commends,

“ To lure you to his selfish ends ; 110

“ From the vile flatt'rer turn away,

“ For knaves make friendships to betray.

“ Dismiss the train of fops and fools,

“ And learn to live by wisdom's rules.

“ Such beauties might the Lion warm 115

“ Did not your folly break the charm ;

“ For who would court that lovely shape

“ To be the rival of an Ape ?”

He said, and snorting in disdain,  
Spurn'd at the crowd and sought the plain.

### FABLE III.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

**T**HE prudent nymph whose cheeks disclose  
The lily and the blushing rose,  
From public view her charms will screen  
And rarely in the crowd be seen ;  
This simple truth shall keep her wise, 5  
“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

ONE night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,  
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,  
Cry'd, “ Sure there never was in nature  
“ So elegant so fine a creature ! 10

- “ All other insects that I see,  
 “ The frugal ant, industrious bee,  
 “ Or silkworm, with contempt I view,  
 “ With all that low mechanic crew  
 “ Who servilely their lives employ 15  
 “ In bus’ness, enemy to joy.  
 “ Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;  
 “ For grandeur only I was born,  
 “ Or sure am sprung from race divine,  
 “ And plac’d on earth to live and shine: 20  
 “ Those lights that sparkle so on high  
 “ Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,  
 “ And kings on earth their gems admire  
 “ Because they imitate my fire.”  
 She spoke: attentive on a spray 25  
 A Nightingale forebore his lay;  
 He saw the shining morsel near,  
 And flew directed by the glare;  
 Awhile he gaz’d with sober look,  
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke: 30  
 “ Deluded fool! with pride elate,  
 “ Know ’tis thy beauty brings thy fate;  
 “ Less dazzling, long thou might’st have lain  
 “ Unheeded on the velvet plain.  
 “ Pride soon or late degraded mourns,  
 “ And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.” 36

## FABLE IV.

## HYMEN AND DEATH.

**S**XTEEN, d’ye say? Nay then ’tis time;  
 Another year destroys your prime.  
 But stay—The settlement! “That is made.”  
 Why then’s my simple girl afraid?  
 Yet hold a moment if you can, 5  
 And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning blush’d,  
 The winds were in their caverns hush’d,

When Hymen, pensive and sedate,  
 Held o'er the fields his musing gait : 10  
 Behind him, thro' the greenwood shade,  
 Death's meagre form the god survey'd,  
 Who quickly, with gigantic stride,  
 Outwent his pace and join'd his side ;  
 The chat on various subjects ran, 15  
 Till angry Hymen thus began :  
 " Relentless death ! whose iron sway  
 " Mortals reluctant must obey,  
 " Still of thy power shall I complain,  
 " And thy too partial hand arraign ? 20  
 " When Cupid brings a pair of hearts  
 " All over stuck with equal darts,  
 " Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,  
 " And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.  
 " Shall not the bloody and the bold, 25  
 " The miser hoarding up his gold,  
 " The harlot reeking from the stew,  
 " Alone thy fell revenge pursue ?  
 " But must the gentle and the kind  
 " Thy fury undistinguish'd find ?" 30  
 The monarch calmly thus reply'd :  
 " Weigh well the cause and then decide.  
 " That friend of your's you lately nam'd,  
 " Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;  
 " Then let the charge be justly laid : 35  
 " That idle boy neglects his trade,  
 " And hardly once in twenty years  
 " A couple to your temple bears.  
 " The wretches whom your office blends  
 " Silenus now or Plutus sends, 40  
 " Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,  
 " Are common to the nuptial life.  
 " Believe me, more than all mankind  
 " Your vot'ries my compassion find ;  
 " Yet cruel am I call'd and base 45  
 " Who seek the wretched to release,  
 " The captive from his bonds to free,  
 " Indissoluble but for me.



*Vide Moore*

*Fable & L. O. P. 18.*

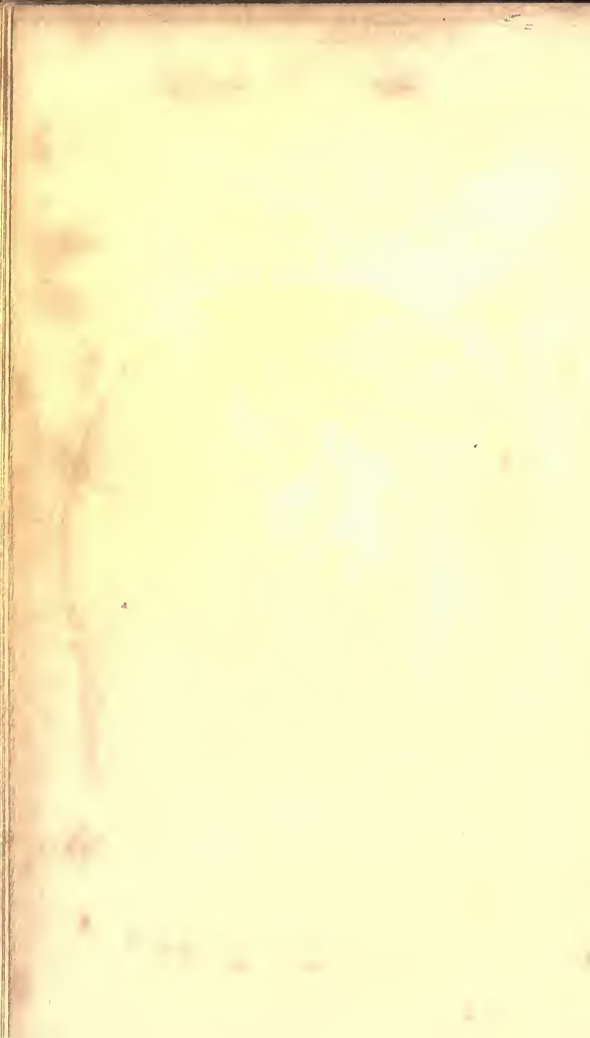


*Carline del.*

*Warren sculp.*

When Hymen, pensive and sedate,  
 Held o'er the fields his musing gait,  
 Behind him thro' the greenwood shade,  
 Death's meagre form the God survey'd.





- “ 'Tis I entice him to the yoke ;  
 “ By me your crowded altars smoke ; 50  
 “ For mortals boldly dare the noose.  
 “ Secure that Death will set them loose.” 52

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

- W**HY Cælia ; is your spreading waist  
 So loose, so negligently lac'd ?  
 Why must the wrapping bedgown hide  
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride ?  
 How ill that dress adorns your head, 5  
 Distain'd and rump'd from the bed !  
 Those clouds that shade your blooming face  
 A little water might displace,  
 As Nature ev'ry morn bestows  
 The crystal dew to cleanse the rose ; 10  
 Those tresses, 'as the raven black,  
 That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
 Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
 Destroy the face which once they deck'd.  
 Whence this forgetfulness of dress ? 15  
 Pray Madam, are you marry'd ? Yes.  
 Nay then indeed the wonder ceases ;  
 No matter now how loose your dress is :  
 The end is won, your fortune's made,  
 Your sister now may take the trade. 20  
 Alas ; what pity 'tis to find  
 This fault in half the female kind !  
 From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
 And all that sours the wedded life.  
 Beauty can only point the dart, 25  
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;  
 Let neatness then and beauty strive  
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.  
 'Tis harder far (you 'll find it true)  
 To keep the conquest than subdue : 30  
 Admit us once behind the screen,  
 What is there farther to be seen ?

A newer face may raise the flame,  
 But ev'ry woman is the same.  
 Then study chiefly to improve  
 The charm that fix'd your husband's love. 35  
 Weigh well his humour. Was it dress  
 That gave your beauty pow'r to bleis ?  
 Pursue it still ; be neater seen ;  
 'Tis always frugal to be clean : 40  
 So shall you keep alive desire,  
 And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as stories say)  
 A Poet sung his tuneful lay ;  
 So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear 45  
 Apollo and the muses there.  
 Thro' all the Town his praises rung,  
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung ;  
 High waving o'er his lab'ring head  
 The goddess' Want her pinions spread, 50  
 And with poetic fury fir'd  
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth of taste and wit,  
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
 And fought him in his cobweb dome, 55  
 Discharg'd his rent and brought him home,

Behold him at the stately board,  
 Who but the Poet and my Lord !  
 Each day deliciously he dines,  
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ; 60  
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek ;  
 Astonish'd at the change so new  
 Away th' inspiring goddesses flew

Now, dropt for politics and news, 65  
 Neglected lay the drooping Muse ;  
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
 He stifled the poetic flame ;  
 Nor tale nor sonnet for my lady,  
 Lampoon nor epigram, was ready. 70



With just contempt his Patron saw,  
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
 And thus with anger in his look  
 The late-repenting fool bespoke :

“ Blind to the good that courts thee grown, 75

“ Whence has the sun of favour shone?

“ Delighted with thy tuneful art,

“ Esteem was growing in my heart,

“ But idly thou reject'st the charm

“ That gave it birth and kept it warm.” 80

Unthinking fools alone despise  
 The arts that taught them first to rise.

## FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

**D**UTY demands the parent's voice  
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice ;  
 In that is due obedience shewn ;  
 To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour 5

Who builds upon a parent's power,

And claims by purchase vile and base

The loathing maid for his embrace !

Hence virtue sickens, and the breast

Where Peace had built her downy nest, 10

Becomes the troubled seat of care,

And pines with anguish and despair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough, and bold,

Whose nightly plunder thinn'd the fold,

Contemplating his ill-spent life, 15

And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His purpose known, the savage race

In num'rous crowds attend the place,

For why, a mighty Wolf he was,

And held dominion in his jaws. 20

Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,

And humbly his alliance sought ;

But cold by age, or else too nice,

None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn 25  
 He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
 Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb  
 Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy dam,  
 When Cupid, foe to man and beast,  
 Discharg'd an arrow at his breast. 30

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
 And trembling o'er the meadow flew ;  
 Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,  
 And courteous thus the dam bespoke :  
 " Stay, Fairest ! and suspend your fear ; 35

" Trust me no enemy is near :  
 " These jaws in slaughter oft imbrud,  
 " At length have known enough of blood,  
 " And kinder bus'ness brings me now,  
 " Vanquish'd, at Beauty's feet to bow. 40

" You have a daughter—Sweet ! forgive  
 " A Wolf's address—in her I live ;  
 " Love from her eyes like lightning came,  
 " And set my marrow all on flame :  
 " Let your consent confirm my choice, 45  
 " And ratify our nuptial joys.

" Me ample wealth and power attend,  
 " Wide o'er the plains my realms extend ;  
 " What midnight robber dare invade  
 " The fold if I the guard am made ? 50  
 " At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,  
 " While I secure his master's sheep."

Discourse like this attention claim'd ;  
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd :  
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd, 55  
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd,  
 Propos'd and doubled her demands  
 Of flowry fields and turnip lands.  
 The Wolf agrees ; her bosom swells ;  
 To Miss her happy fate she tells, 60  
 And of the grand alliance vain  
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,  
 And wearies out her dam with prayers ;

But all in vain: mamma best knew  
 What inexperienc'd girls should do;  
 So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,  
 A formal ass the couple marry'd.

65

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,  
 The trembler goes, a victim bride,  
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,  
 And bleats among the howling race.

70

With horror oft her eyes behold  
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;  
 Each day a sister Lamb is serv'd,  
 And at the glutton's table carv'd;  
 The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
 And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

75

Love, who the cruel mind detests,  
 And lodges but in gentle breasts,

80

Was now no more: enjoyment past,  
 The savage hunger'd for the feast;  
 But (as we find in human race  
 A mask conceals the villain's face)  
 Justice must authorise the treat;  
 Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

85

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,  
 The hunters met him on the way;  
 Fear wings his flight, the marsh he fought,  
 The snuffing dogs are set at fault.

90

His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,  
 Howling he grinds his empty jaws;  
 Food must be had, and lamb is nigh,  
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.

"Is this," (dissembling rage) he cry'd,

95

"The gentle virtue of a bride,

"That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,

"She sets her husband for the chase,

"By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound

"To scent his footsteps on the ground?"

100

"Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood

"Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood."

So saying, on the Lamb he flies;

Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

104

## FABLE VII.

## THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

**I** HATE the face, however fair,  
 That carries an affected air :  
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,  
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,  
 Are fopperies which only tend 5  
 To injure what they strive to mend.  
 With what superior grace enchants  
 The face which Nature's pencil paints,  
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,  
 Glow with the meaning of the heart, 10  
 Where freedom and good humour fit,  
 And easy gaiety and wit !  
 Though perfect beauty be not there,  
 The master lines, the finish'd air,  
 We catch from every look delight, 15  
 And grow enamour'd at the sight ;  
 For beauty, though we all approve,  
 Excites our wonder more than love,  
 While the agreeable strikes sure,  
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure. 20  
 Why then, my Amoret ! this care,  
 That forms you in effect less fair ?  
 If Nature on your cheek bestows  
 A bloom that emulates the rose,  
 Or from some heavenly image drew 25  
 A form Apelles never knew,  
 Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,  
 And spoil by meretricious art ?  
 Or had you, Nature's error, come 30  
 Abortive from the mother's womb,  
 Your forming care she still rejects,  
 Which only heightens her defects.  
 When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,  
 Still press the foremost in the crowd,  
 At every public shew are seen, 35  
 With look awry and awkward mein,

The gaudy dress attracts the eye,  
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,  
But seldom wants the help of art :  
Trust her, she is your surest friend,  
Nor made your form for you to mend. 40

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,  
The shrillest of the cackling train,  
With proud and elevated crest  
Precedence claim'd above the rest. 45

Says she, " I laugh at human race,  
" Who say Geese hobble in their pace :  
" Look here! the stand'rous lie detect ;  
" Not haughty man is so erect. 50

" That peacock, yonder, Lord ! how vain  
" The creature's of his gaudy train !  
" If both were stript I'd pawn my word  
" A Goose would be the finer bird.

" Nature, to hide her own defects,  
" Her bungled work with fin'ry decks :  
" Were Geese set off with half that show  
" Would men admire the peacock ? No." 55

Thus vaunting cross the mead she stalks,  
The cackling breed attend her walks ; 60

The sun shot down his noontide beams,  
The Swans were sporting in the streams ;  
Their snowy plumes and stately pride  
Provok'd her spleen. " Why there," she cry'd,

" Again what arrogance we see !  
" Those creatures ! how they mimic me ! 65

" Shall every fowl the waters skim  
" Because we Geese are known to swim ?  
" Humility they soon shall learn,  
" And their own emptiness discern." 70

So saying, with extended wings,  
Lightly upon the wave she springs,  
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,  
And the Swan's stately crest assumes,

Contempt and mockery ensued, And bursts of laughter shook the flood.	75
A Swan superior to the rest Sprung forth, and thus the fool address : " Conceited thing ! elate with pride, " Thy affectation all deride ;	80
" These airs thy awkwardness impart, " And shew thee plainly as thou art. " Among thy equals of the flock " Thou hadst escap'd the public mock, " And as thy parts to good conduce	85
" Been deem'd an honest hobbling Goose."	
Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ; Know fopp'ry is the pride of fools ; And, striving nature to conceal, You only her defects reveal.	90

## FABLE VIII.

## THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

<b>L</b> OVE ! thou divinest good below, Thy pure delights few mortals know ; Our rebel hearts thy sway disown, While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.	
The bounteous God of Nature made The sexes for each others aid, Their mutual talents to employ To lessen ills and heighten joy. To weaker woman he assign'd That soft'ning gentleness of mind That can by sympathy impart Its likeness to the roughest heart, Her eyes with magic power endu'd, To fire the dull and awe the rude ; His rosy fingers on her face Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace, And stamp'd (perfection to display) His mildest image on her clay.	5 10
Man, active, resolute, and bold, He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould,	15 20

With useful arts his mind inform'd,  
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd ;  
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,  
 And courage for the fair's defence :  
 Her frame, resistless to each wrong, 25  
 Demands protection from the strong ;  
 To man she flies when fear alarms,  
 And claims the temple of his arms.

By Nature's Author thus declar'd  
 The woman's sov'reign and her guard, 30  
 Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade  
 The weakness he was meant to aid ?  
 While beauty, given to inspire  
 Protecting love and soft desire,  
 Lights up a wildfire in the heart, 35  
 And to its own breast points the dart,  
 Becomes the spoiler's base pretence  
 To triumph over innocence ?

The wolf that tears the tim'rous sheep  
 Was never set the fold to keep, 40  
 Nor was the tiger or the pard  
 Meant the benighted trav'lers guard ;  
 But man, the wildest beast of prey,  
 Wears friendship's semblance to betray,  
 His strength against the weak employs, 45  
 And where he should protect destroys.

PAST twelve o'clock the Watchman cry'd,  
 His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd,  
 The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,  
 The earnest of to-morrow's lie ; 50  
 Sudden the furious winds arise,  
 The jarring casement shatter'd flies,  
 The doors admit a hollow sound,  
 And rattling from their hinges bound,  
 When Justice in a blaze of light 55  
 Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,  
 Loose ev'ry joint and pale his look.

- Not having seen her in the courts,  
 Or found her mention'd in Reports, 60  
 He ask'd with fault'ring tongue her name,  
 Her errand there, and whence she came?  
 Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,  
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)  
 "Canst thou be doubtful who I am? 65  
 "Is Justice grown so strange a name?  
 "Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?  
 "'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.  
 "My guardian thee did I elect  
 "My sacred temple to protect, 70  
 "That thou and all thy venal tribe  
 "Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?  
 "Aloud the ruin'd client cries  
 "Justice has neither ears nor eyes;  
 "In foul alliance with the bar 75  
 "'Gainst me the judge denounces war,  
 "And rarely issues his decree  
 "But with intent to baffle me."  
 She paus'd; her breast with fury burn'd;  
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd: 80  
 "I own the charge is justly laid,  
 "And weak th'excuse that can be made;  
 "Yet search the spacious globe, and see  
 "If all mankind are not like me.  
 "The gownman skill'd in Romish lies 85  
 "By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,  
 "O'er conscience rides without control,  
 "And robs the man to save his soul.  
 "The Doctor, with important face,  
 "By sly design mistakes the case, 90  
 "Prescribes, and spins out the disease  
 "To trick the patient of his fees.  
 "The Soldier, rough with many a scar,  
 "And red with slaughter, leads the war;  
 "If he a nation's trust betray 95  
 "The foe has offer'd double pay.  
 "When vice o'er all mankind prevails,  
 "And weighty int'rest turns the scales,



- " Must I be better than the rest,  
 " And harbour Justice in my breast, 100  
 " On one side only take the fee,  
 " Content with poverty and thee?"  
 " Thou blind to sense and vile of mind!"  
 " Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,  
 " If virtue from the world is flown, 105,  
 " Will others' frauds excuse thy own?  
 " For sickly souls the priest was made,  
 " Physicians for the body's aid,  
 " The soldier guarded liberty,  
 " Man woman, and the lawyer me; 110  
 " If all are faithless to their trust,  
 " They leave not thee the less unjust.  
 " Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,  
 " And bar the sanction of my name;  
 " Within your courts it shall be read 115  
 " That Justice from the Law is fled."  
 She spoke, and hid in shades her face  
 Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace. 118

## FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

**W**HY knits my dear her angry brow?  
 What rude offence alarms you now?  
 I said that Delia's fair 'tis true,  
 But did I say she equall'd you?  
 Can't I another's face commend, 5  
 Or to her virtues be a friend,  
 But instantly your forehead lowers,  
 As if her merit lessen'd your's?  
 From female envy never free,  
 All must be blind because you see. 10  
 Survey the gardens, fields and bow'rs,  
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,  
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows  
 That vies in sweetness with the rose?  
 Or where the lily's snowy white 15  
 That throws such beauties on the sight?

Yet folly is it to declare  
 That these are neither sweet nor fair,  
 The crystal shines with fainter rays  
 Before the diamond's brighter blaze, 20  
 And fops will say the diamond dies  
 Before the lustre of your eyes;  
 But I, who deal in truth, deny,  
 That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray, 25  
 And sweets along the air convey,  
 Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale  
 Because you breathe a sweeter gale?  
 Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,  
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield, 30  
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows,  
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast  
 If you are lovelier than the rest?  
 For while I give to each her due 35  
 By praising them I flatter you,  
 And praising most I still declare  
 You fairest where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sat,  
 Replenish'd by his homely treat, 40  
 His fav'rite spaniel near him stood,  
 And with his master shar'd the food;  
 The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,  
 His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,  
 Till fated now, supine he lay, 45  
 And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat in turn drew near,  
 And humbly crav'd a servant's share;  
 Her modest worth the master knew,  
 And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw; 50  
 Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke,  
 And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

" They only claim a right to eat  
 " Who earn by services their meat:  
 " Me, zeal and industry inflame 55  
 " To scour the fields and spring the game,

" Or, plunging in the wint'ry wave,  
 " For man the wounded bird to save.  
 " With watchful diligence I keep  
 " From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep, 60  
 " At home his midnight hours secure,  
 " And drive the robber from the door:  
 " For this his breast with kindness glows,  
 " For this his hand the food bestows;  
 " And shall thy indolence impart 65  
 " A warmer friendship to his heart,  
 " That thus he robs me of my due  
 " To pamper such vile things as you?"  
 " I own," with meekness puffs reply'd,  
 " Superior merit on your side, 70  
 " Nor does my breast with envy swell  
 " To find it recompens'd so well;  
 " Yet I, in what my nature can,  
 " Contribute to the good of man,  
 " Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse? 75  
 " Who drives the vermin from the house?  
 " Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,  
 " From lurking rats secures the grain?  
 " From hence if he rewards bestow  
 " Why should your heart with gall o'erflow? 80  
 " Why pine my happiness to see,  
 " Since there's enough for you and me?"  
 " Thy words are just," the farmer cry'd,  
 And spurn'd the snarler from his side. 84

## FABLE X.

## THE SPIDER AND BEE.

**T**HE nymph who walks the public streets,  
 And sets her cap at all she meets,  
 May catch the fool who turns to stare,  
 But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood  
 With silken line my Lydia stood,  
 I smil'd to see the pains you took  
 To cover o'er the fraudulent hook. 5

Along the forest as we stray'd,  
 You saw the boy his limetwigs spread ; 10  
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear,  
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near ?  
 Far as behind the bush we lay  
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude 15  
 The scaly fry and feather'd brood ?  
 And think you with inferior art  
 To captivate the human heart ?

The maid who modestly conceals  
 Her beauties, while she hides reveals ; 20  
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws  
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.  
 From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade  
 All dress was meant for fancy's aid,  
 Which evermore delighted dwells 25  
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire  
 She shews too much to raise desire,  
 But from the hoop's bewitching round  
 Her very shoe has power to wound. 30

The roving eye, the bosom bare,  
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,  
 May catch the fop, for gudgeons strike  
 At the bare hook and bait alike,  
 While salmons play regardless by, 35  
 Till art like nature forms the fly.

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch,  
 A spider long had held her watch ;  
 From morn to night with restless care  
 She spun her web and wove her snare. 40  
 Within the limits of her reign  
 Lay many a heedless captive slain,  
 Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,  
 To burst the chains and shun her wiles.

A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,  
 Beheld her with disdainful eye, 45

And thus began : " Mean thing ! give o'er,  
 " And lay thy slender threads no more ;  
 " A thoughtless fly or two at most  
 " Is all the conquest thou canst boast, 50  
 " For bees of sense thy arts evade,  
 " We see so plain the nets are laid.  
 " The gaudy tulip that displays  
 " Her spreading foliage to the gaze,  
 " That points her charms at all she sees, 55  
 " And yields to every wanton breeze,  
 " Attracts not me : where blushing grows  
 " Guarded with thorns the modest rose  
 " Enamour'd round and round I fly,  
 " Or on her fragrant bosom lie ; 60  
 " Reluctant she my ardour meets,  
 " And bashful renders up her sweets :  
 " To wiser heads attention lend,  
 " And learn this lesson from a friend ;  
 " She who with modesty retires 65  
 " Adds fuel to her lover's fires,  
 " While such incautious jilts as you  
 " By folly your own schemes undo." 68

## FABLE XI.

## THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

**T**IS true I blame your lover's choice  
 Tho' flatter'd by the public voice,  
 And peevish grow and sick to hear  
 His exclamations, O how fair !  
 I listen not to wild delights 5  
 And transports of expected nights :  
 What is to me your hoard of charms,  
 The whiteness of your neck and arms ?  
 Needs there no acquisition more  
 To keep contention from the door ? 10  
 Yes ; pass a fortnight, and you'll find  
 All beauty cloy'd but of the mind.  
 Sense and good humour ever prove  
 The surest cords to fasten love ;

Yet Phillis, simplest of your sex! 15  
 You never think but to perplex,  
 Coquetting it with ev'ry ape  
 That struts abroad in human shape;  
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,  
 But that it stings your lover's breast; 20  
 To-morrow you resign the sway,  
 Prepar'd to honour and obey,  
 The tyrant-mistress change for life  
 To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend, 25  
 And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant hear the first address,  
 Think often ere you answer yes,  
 But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,  
 And wear your wishes in your eyes: 30  
 With caution ev'ry look forbear  
 That might create one jealous fear,  
 A lover's ripening hopes confound,  
 Or give the generous breast a wound;  
 Contemn the girlish arts to tease, 35  
 Nor use your power, unless to please,  
 For fools alone with rigour sway,  
 When, soon or late, they must obey.

THE king of brutes, in life's decline,  
 Resolv'd dominion to resign; 40  
 The beasts were summon'd to appear  
 And bend before the royal heir:  
 They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd  
 Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper monkey, pert and vain, 45  
 Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:

“Why cringe, my friends! with slavish awe  
 “Before this pageant king of straw?  
 “Shall we anticipate the hour,  
 “And, ere we feel it, own his power? 50  
 “The counsels of experience prize;  
 “I know the maxims of the wise:

- " Subjection let us cast away,  
 " And live the monarchs of to-day ;  
 " 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn, 55  
 " And play the tyrant each in turn :  
 " So shall we right from wrong discern,  
 " And mercy from oppression learn.  
 " At others' woes be taught to melt,  
 " And loath the ills himself has felt." 60  
 He spoke ; his bosom swell'd with pride ;  
 The youthful lion thus reply'd :  
 " What madness prompts thee to provoke  
 " My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke ?  
 " Thou wretched fool ! can wrongs impart 65  
 " Compassion to the feeling heart,  
 " Or teach the grateful breast to glow,  
 " The hand to give, or eye to flow ?  
 " Learn'd in the practice of their schools,  
 " From women thou hast drawn thy rules ; 70  
 " To them return ; in such a cause,  
 " From only such expect applause :  
 " The partial sex I not condemn,  
 " For liking those who copy them.  
 " Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind ? 75  
 " By kindness bribe him to be kind :  
 " Good offices their likenesses get,  
 " And payment lesses not the debt :  
 " With multiplying hand he gives  
 " The good from others he receives, 80  
 " Or for the bad makes fair return,  
 " And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn." 82

## FABLE XII.

## THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

**T**ELL me, Corinna, if you can,  
 Why so averie, so coy to man ?  
 Did Nature, lavish of her care,  
 From her best pattern form you fair  
 That you, ungrateful to her cause,  
 Should mock her gifts and spurn her laws, 5

And miser-like withhold that store  
Which, by imparting, blesses more ?

Beauty's a gift by heaven assign'd  
The portion of the female kind ;  
For this the yielding maid demands  
Protection at her lover's hands,  
And tho' by wasting years it fade,  
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,  
For age to rust, or time to steal,  
The summer of your youth to rove,  
A stranger to the joys of love ?

Then when life's winter hastens on,  
And youth's fair heritage is gone,  
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,  
To guard your wither'd age from harms,  
No gratitude to warm his breast,  
For blooming beauty once possess'd,  
How will you curse that stubborn pride  
Which drove your bark across the tide,  
And sailing before folly's wind  
Left sense and happiness behind ?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,  
To such as you I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood and mettled speed,  
The choicest of the running breed,  
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,  
Refus'd subjection to the rein.  
In vain the groom's officious skill  
Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will,  
In vain the master's forming care  
Restrain'd with threats or sooth'd with prayer ;  
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,  
Wild o'er the spacious plain, he ran.

Where'er luxuriant Nature spread  
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,  
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,  
To cool and freshen up the grass,



Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,  
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

45

In plenty thus the summer past,  
Revolving winter came at last;  
The trees no more a shelter yield,  
The verdure withers from the field,  
Perpetual snows infest the ground,  
In icy chains the streams are bound,  
Cold nipping winds and rattling hail  
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.

50

As round he cast his rueful eyes,  
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;  
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,  
And promis'd kind deliverance near;  
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,  
Was now become his wish'd retreat:  
His passion cool, his pride forgot,  
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

55

The master saw his woeful plight,  
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,  
And friendly to the stable led,  
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.  
In slothful ease all night he lay;  
The servants rose at break of day;  
The market calls: along the road  
His back must bear the pond'rous load:  
In vain he struggles or complains,  
Incessant blows reward his pains.

60

To-morrow varies but his toil;  
Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil,  
While scanty meals at night repay  
The painful labours of the day.

65

70

75

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,  
His self-upbraidings found a vent:  
"Wretch that I am!" he, sighing, said,  
"By arrogance and folly led,  
"Had but my restive youth been brought  
"To learn the lesson nature taught,  
"Then had I, like my sires of yore,  
"The prize from ev'ry courser bore,

80

- " While man bestow'd rewards and praise, 85  
 " And females crown'd my latter days :  
 " Now lasting servitude's my lot,  
 " My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot :  
 " Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear,  
 " A living death from year to year. 90

## FABLE XIII.

## THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

- T**O know the mistress' humour right,  
 See if her maids are clean and tight ;  
 If Betty waits without her stays,  
 She copies but her lady's ways :  
 When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout, 5  
 And drops no curtly going out,  
 Depend upon't mamma is one  
 Who reads or drinks too much alone.  
 If bottled beer her thirst assuage,  
 She feels enthusiastic rage, 10  
 And burns with ardour to inherit  
 The gifts and workings of the spirit :  
 If learning crack her giddy brains,  
 No remedy but death remains.  
 Sum up the various ills of life 15  
 And all are sweet to such a wife.  
 At home superior wit she vaunts,  
 And twits her husband with his wants ;  
 Her ragged offspring all around,  
 Like pigs are wallowing on the ground : 20  
 Impatient ever of control,  
 She knows no order but of soul ;  
 With books her litter'd floor is spread,  
 Of nameless authors, never read,  
 Foul linen, petticoats, and lace, 25  
 Fill up the intermediate space.  
 Abroad, at visitings, her tongue  
 Is never still, and always wrong ;  
 All meanings she defines away,  
 And stands with truth and sense at bay 30

If e'er she meets a gentle heart  
 Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,  
 Who makes her family her care,  
 And builds contentment's temple there,  
 She starts at such mistakes in nature,  
 And cries, " Lord help us! what a creature!" 35  
 Melissa, if the moral strike,  
 You'll find the fable not unlike.

AN owl puff'd up with self-conceit,  
 Lov'd learning better than his meat : 40  
 Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,  
 And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop ;  
 At pastry-cooks was known to ply,  
 And strip for science ev'ry pie.  
 For modern poetry and wit, 45  
 He had read all that Blackmore writ ;  
 So intimate with Curl was grown,  
 His learned treasures were his own,  
 To all his authors had access,  
 And sometimes would correct the press : 50  
 In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,  
 You'd swear him fellow of a college ;  
 Alike to ev'ry art and science  
 His daring genius bids defiance,  
 And swallow'd wisdom with that haste, 55  
 That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,  
 One ev'ning, as he musing stood,  
 Hard by upon a leafy spray  
 A nightingale began his lay ; 60  
 Sudden he starts, with anger stung,  
 And screeching interrupts his song.

" Pert busy thing! thy airs give o'er,  
 " And let my contemplation soar.  
 " What is the music of thy voice 65  
 " But jarring dissonance and noise?  
 " Be wise: true harmony thou'lt find  
 " Not in the throat but in the mind,

- " By empty chirping not attain'd,  
 " But by laborious study gain'd. 70  
 " Go read the authors Pope explodes,  
 " Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes,  
 " With modern plays improve thy wit,  
 " Read all the learning Henly writ,  
 " And if thou needs must sing, sing then, 75  
 " And emulate the ways of men :  
 " So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,  
 " And bring improvement to thy kind."  
 " 'Thou wretch!' the little warbler cry'd,  
 " Made up of ignorance and pride, 80  
 " Ask all the birds, and they'll declare  
 " A greater blockhead wings not air.  
 " Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan ;  
 " Science was only meant for man.  
 " No usefess authors me molest, 85  
 " I mind the duties of my nest,  
 " With careful wing protect my young,  
 " And cheer their ev'nings with a song.  
 " Thus following nature and her laws,  
 " From men and birds I claim applause, 90  
 " While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,  
 " An owl is scorn'd alike by both." 92

## FABLE XIV.\*

## THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

**I**T was, as learn'd traditions say,  
 Upon an April's blithsome day,  
 When pleasure, ever on the wing,  
 Return'd companion of the spring,  
 And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat, 5  
 Instructing little hearts to beat,  
 A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,  
 Of bold address and flippant tongue,  
 Just left his lady of a night,  
 Like him to follow new delight. 10  
 The youth of many a conquest vain,  
 Flew off to seek the chirping train,

\* This and the three following fables were written by Henry Brooke, Esq.

The chirping train he quickly found,  
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For ev'ry she his bosom burns, 15  
And this and that he woos by turns;  
And here a sigh and there a bill,  
And here—"Those eyes, so form'd to kill!"  
And now with ready tongue he strings  
Unmeaning soft-resistless things, 20  
With vows and Demmes skill'd to woo,  
As other pretty fellows do:

Not that he thought this short essay,  
A prologue needful for his play;  
No: trust me, says our learned letter, 25  
He knew the virtuous sex much better;  
But these he held as specious arts  
To shew his own superior parts,  
The form of decency to shield,  
And give a just pretence to yield. 30

Thus finishing his courtly play,  
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day,  
With careless impudence drew near,  
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear,  
A hint which, like the Mason's sign, 35  
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,  
Cry'd "Sir—pray! Sir, explain your meaning—  
"Go prate to those that may endure ye—  
"To me this rudeness—I'll assure ye—" 40  
Then off she glided, like a swallow,  
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,  
'Tis needless to declare they met;  
The Parson's barn, as authors mention, 45  
Confess'd the fair had apprehension:  
Her honour there secure from stain,  
She held all farther trifling vain,  
No more affected to be coy,  
But rush'd licentious on the joy. 50

"Hilt, love!" the male companion cry'd,  
Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd."

Nor was the caution vain ; he saw  
 A turtle rustling in the straw,  
 While o'er her callow brood she hung,  
 And fondly thus address'd her young : 55  
 " Ye tender objects of my care !  
 " Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair !  
 " Anon he comes, your gentle sire,  
 " And brings you all your hearts require. 60  
 " For us, his infants and his bride,  
 " For us, with only love to guide,  
 " Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,  
 " And like a lion dares to bleed :  
 " Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd, 65  
 " He mounts upon the rudest wind,  
 " From danger tears the vital spoil,  
 " And with affection sweetens toil.  
 " Ah cease, too vent'rous ! cease to dare ;  
 " In thine our dearer safety spare ! 70  
 " From him, ye cruel falcons ! stray,  
 " And turn, ye fowlers ! far away.  
 " Should I survive to see the day  
 " That tears me from myself away,  
 " That cancels all that heav'n could give, 75  
 " The life by which alone I live,  
 " Alas ! how more than lost were I,  
 " Who in the thought already die !  
 " Ye pow'rs ! whom men and birds obey,  
 " Great rulers of your creatures ! say 80  
 " Why mourning comes by bliss convey'd,  
 " And e'en the sweets of love allay'd ?  
 " Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair  
 " Around it twines entangling care,  
 " While fear for what our souls possess 85  
 " Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless ;  
 " Yet friendship forms the bliss above,  
 " And life ! what art thou without love ?"  
 Our hero, who had heard apart,  
 Felt something moving in his heart, 90  
 But quickly with disdain suppress  
 The virtue rising in his breast,

- And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,  
 And next approaching smil'd and bow'd.
- “ Madam, you must not think me rude,  
 95  
 “ Good manners never can intrude ;  
 “ I vow I come through pure good nature—  
 “ (Upon my soul a charming creature)  
 “ Are these the comforts of a wife ?  
 “ This careful cloister'd moping life ?  
 100  
 “ No doubt that odious thing call'd duty  
 “ Is a sweet province for a beauty.  
 “ Thou pretty Ignorance ! thy will  
 “ Is measur'd to thy want of skill ;  
 “ That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,  
 105  
 “ Has taught thy infant years no other.  
 “ 'The greatest ill in the creation  
 “ Is sure the want of education.  
 “ But think ye—tell me without feigning,  
 “ Have all these charms no farther meaning ?  
 110  
 “ Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,  
 “ Might teach your ladyship much better.  
 “ For shame ! reject this mean employment ;  
 “ Enter the world and taste enjoyment,  
 “ Where time by circling blifs we measure ;  
 115  
 “ Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure :  
 “ Come, prove the blessing ; follow me :  
 “ Bewise, be happy, and be free.”  
 “ Kind Sir !” reply'd our matron chaste,  
 “ Your zeal seems pretty much in haste.  
 120  
 “ I own the fondness to be blest  
 “ Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast ;  
 “ Of blessings too I have my store,  
 “ Yet quarrel not should heav'n give more ;  
 “ Then prove the change to be expedient,  
 125  
 “ And think me Sir your most obedient.”
- Here turning as to one inferior,  
 Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.  
 “ Methinks to quit your boasted station  
 “ Requires a world of hesitation ;  
 130  
 “ Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,  
 “ The case I doubt is past redressing,

- " Why, child! suppose the joys I mention  
 " Were the mere fruits of my invention,  
 " You've cause sufficient for your carriage, 135  
 " In flying from the curse of marriage;  
 " That fly decoy with vary'd snares  
 " That takes young widgeons in by pairs.  
 " Alike to husband and to wife  
 " The cure of love and bane of life; 140  
 " The only method of forecasting  
 " To make misfortune firm and lasting;  
 " The sin by heav'n's peculiar sentence  
 " Unpardon'd through a life's repentance!  
 " It is the double snake, that weds 145  
 " A common tail to diff'rent heads,  
 " That leads the carcase still astray,  
 " By dragging each a diff'rent way;  
 " Of all the ills that may attend me,  
 " From marriage, mighty gods! defend me. 150  
 " Give me frank nature's wild demesne,  
 " And boundless track of air serene,  
 " Where fancy ever wing'd for change,  
 " Delights to sport, delights to range;  
 " There liberty! to thee is owing 155  
 " Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;  
 " Delights still vary'd and divine,  
 " Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.  
 " What say you now, you pretty pink you!  
 " Have I for once spoke reason think you? 160  
 " You take me now for no romancer—  
 " Come, never study for an answer:  
 " Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,  
 " And fly where joy alone can find ye."  
 " Soft yet," return'd our female fencer, 165  
 " A question more or so—and then Sir.  
 " You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,  
 " With much fine wit, and better breeding;  
 " But pray Sir, how do you contrive it?  
 " Do those of your world never wive it? 170  
 " No, no." "How then?" "Why, dare I tell;  
 " What does the bus'ness full as well."





When Justice in a blaze of light,  
 Reveals her radiant form to sight;  
 The wretch with thrilling horror shook,  
 Loose every joint and pale his look.

*Wrote Poem 8. June 17. Page 154*

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*Engraved by C. Warren*



- " Do you ne'er love ?" " An hour at leisure."  
 " Have you no friendships ?" " Yes, for pleasure."  
 " No care for little ones ?" " We get 'em ; 175  
 " The rest the mother's mind, and let 'em."  
 " Thou wretch ! rejoin'd the kindling dove,  
 " Quite lost to life as lost to love,  
 " Whene'er misfortune comes how just !  
 " And come misfortune surely must : 180  
 " In the dread season of dismay,  
 " In that your hour of trial, say  
 " Who then shall prop your sinking heart,  
 " Who bear affliction's weightier part ?  
 " Say, when the blackbrow'd welkin bends, 185  
 " And winter's gloomy form impends,  
 " To mourning turns all transient cheer,  
 " And blasts the melancholy year,  
 " For times at no persuasion stay,  
 " Nor vice can find perpetual May, 190  
 " Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,  
 " That soul of pertness whither fled ?  
 " All shrunk within thy lonely nest,  
 " Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest,  
 " No friend, by cordial bonds ally'd, 195  
 " Shall seek thy cold unsocial side,  
 " No chirping prattlers to delight  
 " Shall turn the long-enduring night,  
 " No bride her words of balm impart,  
 " And warm thee at her constant heart. 200  
 " Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,  
 " Is as the sun's unvarying course,  
 " Benignly active, sweetly bright,  
 " Affording warmth, affording light,  
 " But torn from virtue's sacred rules, 205  
 " Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,  
 " Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,  
 " And fraught with all the plagues of life.  
 " Thou fool ! by union ev'ry creature  
 " Subsists through universal nature, 210  
 " And this to beings void of mind  
 " Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

- " While womb'd in space, primeval clay  
 " A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,  
 " The source of endless good above 215  
 " Shot down his spark of kindling love ;  
 " Touch'd by the all enliv'ning flame  
 " Then motion first exulting came,  
 " Each atom sought its sep'rate class,  
 " Through many a fair enamour'd mass ; 220  
 " Love cast the central charm around,  
 " And with eternal nuptials bound :  
 " Then form and order o'er the sky,  
 " First train'd their bridal pomp on high,  
 " The sun display'd his orb to sight, 225  
 " And burnt with hymeneal light.  
 " Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,  
 " And with the genial burden heav'd ;  
 " Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,  
 " And scal'd the breathing steep of air ; 230  
 " Then infant stems of various use  
 " Inbib'd her soft maternal juice ;  
 " The flower's in early bloom disclos'd,  
 " Upon her fragrant breast repos'd ;  
 " Within her warm embraces grew 235  
 " A race of endless form and hue ;  
 " Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,  
 " And fondly cloth'd her parent ground.  
 " Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,  
 " By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd ; 240  
 " But thence subliming and refin'd,  
 " Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind ;  
 " Caught in the fond celestial fire,  
 " The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,  
 " And now with kind effusion flow'd, 245  
 " And now with cordial ardour glow'd,  
 " Beheld the sympathetic fair,  
 " And lov'd its own resemblance there,  
 " On all with circling radiance shone,  
 " But cent'ring fix'd on one alone, 250  
 " There clasped the heav'n-appointed wife,  
 " And doubled every joy of life.

- " Here ever blessing, ever blest,  
 " Resides this beauty of the breast,  
 " As from his palace here the god, 255  
 " Still beams effulgent blifs' abroad,  
 " Here gems his own eternal round,  
 " The ring by which the world is bound,  
 " Here bids his feat of empire grow,  
 " And builds his little heav'n below. 260  
 " The bridal partners thus ally'd,  
 " And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,  
 " One body, heart, and spirit, live,  
 " Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give,  
 " Like Echo from her vocal hold, 265  
 " Return'd in music twenty fold ;  
 " Their union firm and undecay'd,  
 " Nor time can shake nor pow'r invade,  
 " But as the stem and scion stand,  
 " Ingrafted by a skilful hand, 270  
 " They check the tempest's wintry rage,  
 " And bloom and strengthen into age ;  
 " A thousand amities unknown,  
 " And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,  
 " Eclaring looks and chaste desire, 275  
 " Fan and support the mutual fire,  
 " Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,  
 " Is fed by an immortal mind.  
 " Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,  
 " Like Nile it opens and descends, 280  
 " Which, by apparent windings led,  
 " We trace to its celestial head.  
 " The fire first springing from above,  
 " Becomes the source of life and love,  
 " And gives his filial heir to flow, 285  
 " In fondness down on sons below :  
 " Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,  
 " To time's extremest verge they glide,  
 " While kindred streams, on either hand,  
 " Branch forth in blessings o'er the land. 290  
 " Thee, wretch ! no lisp'ing babe shall name,  
 " No late-returning brother claim,

- " No kinsman on thy road rejoice,  
 " No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,  
 " With partial eyes no parents see, 295  
 " And bless their years restor'd in thee.  
     " In age rejected, or declin'd,  
 " An alien e'en among thy kind,  
 " The partner of thy scorn'd embrace,  
 " Shall play the wanton in thy face, 300  
 " Each spark unplume thy little pride,  
 " All friendship fly thy faithless side,  
 " Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,  
 " In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.  
     " All-giving pow'r ! great source of life ! 305  
 " O hear the parent ! hear the wife !  
 " That life thou lendest from above,  
 " Though little, make it large in love ;  
 " O bid my feeling heart expand,  
 " To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand ! 310  
 " To those from whom my days I drew,  
 " To these in whom those days renew,  
 " To all my kin, however wide,  
 " In cordial warmth as blood ally'd,  
 " To friends, with steely fetters twin'd, 315  
 " And to the cruel not unkind !  
     " But chief, the lord of my desire,  
 " My life, myself, my soul, my fire,  
 " Friends, children, all that wish can claim,  
 " Chaste passion clasp and rapture name, 320  
 " O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r !  
 " O give him to my latest hour !  
 " Let me my length of life employ,  
 " To give my sole enjoyment joy,  
 " His love let mutual love excite, 325  
 " Turn all my cares to his delight,  
 " And ev'ry needless blessing spare,  
 " Wherein my darling wants a share ?  
     " When he with graceful action woos,  
 " And sweetly bills and fondly cooes, 330  
 " Ah ! deck me to his eyes alone,  
 " With charms attractive as his own,

- " And in my circling wings carest,  
 " Give all the lover to my breast ;  
 " Ther in our chaste connubial bed, 335  
 " My bosom pillow'd for his head,  
 " His eyes with blisful slumbers close,  
 " And watch with me my lord's repose,  
 " Your peace around his temples twine,  
 " And love him with a love like mine ! 340  
 " And, for I know his gen'rous flame,  
 " Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,  
 " Me too to your protection take,  
 " And spare me for my husband's sake.  
 " Let one unruffled calm delight, 345  
 " The loving and belov'd unite,  
 " One pure desire our bosoms warm,  
 " One will direct, one wish inform,  
 " Through life one mutual aid sustain,  
 " In death one peaceful grave contain." 350  
 While, swelling with the darling theme,  
 Her accents pour'd an endless stream,  
 The well-known wings a sound impart,  
 That reach'd her ear and touch'd her heart ;  
 Quick dropt the music of her tongue, 355  
 And forth with eager joy she sprung ;  
 As swift her ent'ring consort flew,  
 And plum'd and kindled at the view ?  
 Their wings their souls embracing meet,  
 Their hearts with answering measure beat, 360  
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest  
 With raptures felt but ne'er express'd.  
 Straight to her humble roof she led  
 The partner of her spotless bed ;  
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise, 365  
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes ;  
 Transported to their sire they bound,  
 And hang with speechless action round :  
 In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,  
 And see their little wings expand ; 370  
 The sire his life-sustaining prize  
 To each expecting bill applies,

There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,  
 With transport giv'n, though won with toil,  
 While all collected at the sight,  
 And silent through supreme delight,  
 The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,  
 And on her lord and infants smiles. 375

The Sparrow, whose attention hung  
 Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,  
 Of all his little sleights disarm'd,  
 And from himself by virtue charm'd,  
 When now he saw what only seem'd  
 A fact so late a fable deem'd,  
 His soul to envy he resign'd, 385  
 His hours of folly to the wind,  
 In secret wish'd a turtle too,  
 And sighing to himself withdrew. 388

### FABLE XV.

#### THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,  
 That honour is a woman's life :  
 Unhappy sex ! who only claim  
 A being in the breath of Fame,  
 Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales 5  
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,  
 Nor all the healing sweets restore  
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,  
 May turn uncensur'd to his way ; 10  
 Polluted streams again are pure,  
 And deepest wounds admit a cure ;  
 But woman no redemption knows ;  
 The wounds of honour never close !

Though distant ev'ry hand to guide, 15  
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,  
 If once her feeble bark recede,  
 Or deviate from the course decreed,  
 In vain she seeks the friendless shore,  
 Her swifter folly flies before, 20



The circling ports against her close,  
 And shut the wand'rer from repose,  
 Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,  
 Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone 25  
 For but a single error? None.

Though woman is avow'd of old  
 No daughter of celestial mould,  
 Her temp'ring not without allay,  
 And form'd but of the finer clay, 30  
 We challenge from the mortal dame  
 The strength angelic natures claim;  
 Nay more, for f'cred stories tell  
 That e'en immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere 35  
 Of humid earth and ambient air,  
 With varying elements endu'd,  
 Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know, 40  
 Wide oceans ebb again to flow,  
 The moon repletes her waning face,  
 All beauteous from her late disgrace,  
 And suns that mourn approaching night  
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue, 45  
 While nature mints her race anew,  
 And holds some vital spark apart,  
 Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;  
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,  
 To clothe a naked world in green; 50

No longer barr'd by winter's cold,  
 Again the gates of life unfold,  
 Again each insect tries his wing,  
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring,  
 Again from ev'ry latent root 55

The bladed stem and tendril shoot,  
 Exhaling incense to the skies,  
 Again to perish and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown 60  
 The change to which a world is prone?

In one meridian brightness shine,  
 And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline,  
 Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this  
 What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire  
 In some unguarded hour expire,  
 Or should the nightly thief invade  
 Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,  
 Of all the blooming spoil possess't,  
 The dragon honour charm'd to rest,  
 Shall virtue's flame no more return,  
 No more with virgin splendour burn,  
 No more the ravag'd garden blow  
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No:  
 Pity may mourn but not restore,  
 And woman falls to rise no more.

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,  
 A country lies—no matter where,  
 The clime may readily be found  
 By all who tread poetic ground:  
 A stream call'd life across it glides,  
 And equally the land divides,  
 And here of vice the province lies,  
 And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,  
 Whose summit look'd to either land,  
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,  
 As well for prospect as repose;  
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,  
 And temp'rance and religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine  
 Confess'd the honours of their line,  
 But in a little daughter fair  
 Was centred more than half their care,  
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,  
 Gave signs of future joy to earth:  
 White was the robe this infant wore,  
 And chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,  
 (A flow'r just op'ning to the view) 100  
 Oft' through her native land she stray'd,  
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;  
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,  
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,  
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd, 105  
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,  
 And nature yearly took delight,  
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen  
 To reach the crisis of fifteen, 110  
 Her parents up the mountain's head  
 With anxious step their darling led ;  
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,  
 And thus the fears of age express :

“ O joyful cause of many a care ! 115  
 “ O daughter too divinely fair !  
 “ Yon world on this important day  
 “ Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;  
 “ A painful journey all must go,  
 “ Whose doubtful period none can know, 120  
 “ Whose due direction who can find  
 “ Where reason's mute, and sense is blind ?  
 “ Ah, what unequal leaders these  
 “ Through such a wide perplexing maze !  
 “ Then mark the warnings of the wise, 125  
 “ And learn what love and years advise.  
 “ Far to the right thy prospect bend,  
 “ Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend ;  
 “ Lo ! there the arduous paths in view  
 “ Which virtue and her sons pursue, 130  
 “ With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,  
 “ And gain and gain upon the skies :  
 “ Narrow's the way her children tread,  
 “ No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,  
 “ But rough, and difficult, and steep, 135  
 “ Painful to climb, and hard to keep.  
 “ Fruits immature those lands dispense,  
 “ A food indelicate to sense,

- " Of taste unpleasant ; yet to those  
 " Pure health with cheerful vigour flows, 140  
 " And strength unfeeling of decay  
 " Throughout the long laborious way.  
 " Hence as they scale that heav'nly road,  
 " Each limb is lighten'd of its load,  
 " From earth refining still they go, 145  
 " And leave the mortal weight below,  
 " Then spreads the straight, the doubtful clears,  
 " And smooth the rugged path appears,  
 " For custom turns fatigue to ease,  
 " And taught by virtue pain can please. 150  
 " At length the toilsome journey o'er,  
 " And near the bright celestial shore,  
 " A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,  
 " Appears, of either world the bound,  
 " Through darkness leading up to light, 155  
 " Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight ;  
 " For there the transitory train  
 " Of time, and form, and care, and pain,  
 " And matter's gross incum'bring mass,  
 " Man's late associates, cannot pass, 160  
 " But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,  
 " And leave the wond'ring soul at large,  
 " Lightly she wings her obvious way,  
 " And mingles with eternal day.  
 " Thither. O thither wing thy speed, 165  
 " Though pleasure charm, or pain impede !  
 " To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,  
 " For present earth a future heav'n ;  
 " For trivial loss unmeasur'd gain,  
 " And endless bliss for transient pain. 170  
 " Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight  
 " Where yonder flow'ry fields invite ;  
 " Wide on the left the pathway bends,  
 " And with pernicious ease descends ;  
 " There sweet to sense and fair to show 175  
 " New-planted Edens seem to blow,  
 " Trees that delicious poison bear,  
 " For death is vegetable there.

" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,  
 " Each sinew slack'ning at the taste, 180  
 " The soul to passion yields her throne,  
 " And sees with organs not her own ;  
 " While, like the slumb'rer in the night,  
 " Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,  
 " Before her alienated eyes 185  
 " The scenes of Fairyland arise,  
 " The puppet world's amusing show  
 " Dipp'd in the gaily colour'd bow,  
 " Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,  
 " The toys of infants and of kings, 190  
 " That tempt along the baneful plain  
 " The idly wise and lightly vain,  
 " Till, verging on the gulfy shore,  
 " Sudden they sink, and rise no more.  
 " But list to what thy fates declare : 195  
 " Though thou art woman, frail as fair,  
 " If once thy sliding foot should stray,  
 " Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,  
 " For thee, lost maid ! for thee alone  
 " Nor pray'rs shall plead nor tears atone ; 200  
 " Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,  
 " On thy returning steps shall wait,  
 " Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,  
 " And every foot thy presence fly."  
 Thus arm'd with words of potent sound, 205  
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,  
 A charm, by truth divinely cast,  
 Forward our young advent'rer past.  
 Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,  
 Like morn, forerunning radiance went, 210  
 While honour, handmaid late assign'd,  
 Upheld her lucid train behind.  
 Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd  
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,  
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight, 215  
 And caught fresh virtue's at the sight ;  
 For not of earth's unequal frame  
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,

If matter sure the most refin'd,  
 High wrought and temper'd into mind, 210  
 Some darling daughter of the day,  
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,  
 And thousands where she moves attend;  
 Her ways observant eyes confess, 225  
 Her steps pursuing praises bless,  
 While to the elevated maid  
 Oblations as to heav'n are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithe some day,  
 The jovial birth of rosy May, 230  
 When genial warmth, no more suppress,  
 New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,  
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes  
 And looks kind things from chaste eyes,  
 The sun with healthier visage glows, 235  
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,  
 And dances up th' ethereal plain,  
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain,  
 While nature, as from bonds set free,  
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee. 240

And now, for momentary rest,  
 The nymph her travell'd step repress,  
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,  
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey, 245  
 The realms of sweet perdition lay,  
 And pity touch'd her soul with woe  
 To see a world so lost below,

When straight the breeze began to breathe  
 Airs gently wafted from beneath, 250  
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,  
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;  
 No sounds of discord, that disclose

A people sunk and lost in woes,  
 But as of present good possess'd, 255  
 The very triumph of the bless'd:  
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,  
 While thus approaching Sirens sung:

- " Hither, fairest ! hither haste,  
 " Brightest beauty ! come and taste 260  
 " What the pow'rs of blifs unfold,  
 " Joys too mighty to be told ;  
 " Taste what ecstasies they give,  
 " Dying raptures taste, and live.  
 " In thy lap, disdaining measure, 265  
 " Nature empties all her treasure,  
 " Soft desires that sweetly languish,  
 " Fierce delights that rise to anguish.  
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?  
 " Brightest beauty ! come away. 270  
 " Lilt not when the froward chide,  
 " Sons of pedantry and pride ;  
 " Snarlers, to whose feeble sense  
 " April sunshine is offence ;  
 " Age and envy will advise 275  
 " E'en against the joy they prize.  
 " Come, in pleasure balmy bowl  
 " Slake the thirtings of thy soul,  
 " Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting  
 " With enjoyment past the painting. 280  
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?  
 " Brightest beauty ! come away."  
 So sung the Sirens, as of yore,  
 Upon the false Aulonian shore ;  
 And O for that preventing chain 285  
 That bound Ulysses on the main !  
 That so our fair one might withstand  
 The covert ruin now at hand.  
 The song her charm'd attention drew,  
 When now the tempters stood in view : 290  
 Curiosity with prying eyes  
 And hands of busy bold emprise ;  
 Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,  
 And like forerunning fancy fleet :  
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd, 295  
 To novelty she still aspir'd,  
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,  
 And but in expectation blest.

With her associate pleasure came,  
 Gay pleasure, frolic-loving dame !  
 Her mien all swimming in delight,  
 Her beauties half reveal'd to fight,  
 Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,  
 And caught the kissing winds around :

As erst Medusa's looks were known  
 To turn beholders into stone,

A dire reversion here they felt,  
 And in the eye of pleasure melt :

Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,  
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd,

No safety e'en the flying find,  
 Who vent'rous look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring maid  
 While distant, more than half betray'd.

With smiles and adulation bland,  
 They join'd her side and seiz'd her hand :

Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,  
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,

While half consenting, half denying,  
 Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidst a war of hopes and fears,  
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,

Still down and down the winning pair  
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound  
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,

Borne from her courses, haply lights  
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,

Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land  
 Lurk the dire rock and dangerous sand,

The pilot warns with sail and oar,  
 To shun the much suspected shore,

In vain ; the tide too subtly strong,  
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,

Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,  
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight :

So baffling ev'ry bar to sin,  
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,



Along the devious smooth descent,  
 With pow'rs increasing as they went, 340  
 The dames accusom'd to subdue  
 As with a rapid current drew,  
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd  
 The lost, the long-reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye Fair Ones! and beware, 345  
 Nor send your fond affections there,  
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,  
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;  
 Till then with weeping Honour wait,  
 The servant of her better fate, 350

With Honour, left upon the shore,  
 Her friend and handmaid now no more!  
 Nor with the guilty world upbraid  
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,  
 But o'er her failing cast the veil, 355  
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all inquiring light  
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;  
 The damsel, from a short repose,  
 Confounded at her plight, arose. 360

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress,  
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,  
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,  
 And steal his hoard of joys away,  
 He, borne where golden Indus streams 365  
 Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,

Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,  
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,  
 But wakens, naked and despoil'd  
 Of that for which his years had toil'd: 370

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,  
 And turn'd like Niobe to stone;  
 Within, without, obscure and void,  
 She felt all ravag'd all destroy'd:  
 And, " O thou curs'd invidious coast! 75

" Are these the blessings thou canst boast?  
 " These Virtue! these the joys they find  
 " Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?

“ Shade me ye pines ! ye caverns ! hide,  
 “ Ye mountains cover me,” she cry'd.

380

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,  
 And told the tidings to the sky ;  
 Contempt discharg'd a living dart,  
 A sidelong viper, to her heart ;  
 Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,  
 And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace ;  
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,  
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view,  
 While those in crimes the deepest dy'd  
 Approach'd to whiten at her side,  
 And ev'ry lewd insulting dame  
 Upon her folly rose to fame.

385

390

What should she do ? attempt once more  
 To gain the late-deserted shore ?  
 So trusting, back the mourner flew,  
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

395

Again the farther shore's attain'd,  
 Again the land of Virtue gain'd,  
 But Echo gathers in the wind,  
 And shows her instant foes behind.  
 Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends  
 Where late she left a host of friends,  
 Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,  
 Nor longer own that form divine ;  
 With fear they mark the following cry ;  
 And from the lonely trembler fly,  
 Or backward drive her on the coast  
 Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

400

405

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,  
 To Heav'n not daring to complain,  
 No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,  
 And from the face of Friendship driv'n,  
 The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,  
 With all her weight of woes around,  
 Enthron'd within a circling sky,  
 Upon a mount e'er mountains high,  
 All radiant sat, as in a shrine,  
 Virtue, first effluence divine ;

410

415

Far, far above the scenes of woe,  
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below ; 420  
 Superior goddess, essence bright,  
 Beauty of uncreated light !  
 Whom should Mortality survey,  
 As doom'd upon a certain day,  
 The breath of Frailty must expire, 425  
 The world dissolve in living fire,  
 The gems of heav'n and solar flame  
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,  
 And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,  
 To rise a newborn phoenix, die. 430

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view,  
 A veil around her form she threw  
 Which three sad sisters of the shade,  
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made,

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye 435  
 Attentive from her station high  
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,  
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair,  
 And with a voice whose awful sound  
 Appall'd the guilty world around, 440  
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still ;  
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,  
 Uncurl'd the surging of the main,  
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,  
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung, 445  
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung :

“ Lovely Penitent ! arise,  
 “ Come and claim thy kindred skies ;  
 “ Come, thy sister angles say  
 “ Thon hast wept thy stains away. 450  
 “ Let experience now decide  
 “ 'Twixt the good and evil try'd :  
 “ In the smooth enchanted ground  
 “ Say, unfold the treasures found,  
 “ Structures rais'd by morning dreams, 455  
 “ Sands that trip the flitting streams,  
 “ Down that anchors on the air,  
 “ Clouds that paint their changes there ;

- " Seas that smoothly dimpling lie  
 " While the storm impends on high, 460  
 " Showing in an obvious glass  
 " Joys that in possession pass :  
 " Transient, fickle, light and gay,  
 " Flatt'ring only to betray,  
 " What, alas ! can life contain ? 465  
 " Life like all its circles vain !  
 " Will the stork, intending rest,  
 " On the billow build her nest ?  
 " Will the bee demand his store  
 " From the bleak and bladeless shore ? 470  
 " Man alone, intent to stray,  
 " Ever turns from Wisdom's way,  
 " Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
 " Sows the sea and ploughs the sand.  
 " Soon this elemental mass, 375  
 " Soon th' incumb'ring world, shall pass,  
 " Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
 " Time be spent, and life expire.  
 " Then, ye boasted works of men !  
 " Where is your asylum then ? 480  
 " Sons of pleasure, sons of care,  
 " Tell me, mortals ! tell me where ?  
 " Gone like traces of the deep,  
 " Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,  
 " Dews exhal'd from morning glades, 485  
 " Melting snows and gliding shades.  
 " Pass the world, and what's behind ?  
 " Virtue's gold by fire refin'd,  
 " From an universe deprav'd,  
 " From the wreck of Nature sav'd ; 490  
 " Like the life supporting grain,  
 " Fruit of patience and of pain,  
 " On the swain's autumnal day  
 " Winnow'd from the chaff away.  
 " Little Trembler ! fear no more, 495  
 " Thou hast plenteous crops in store,  
 " Seed by genial sorrows sown,  
 " More than all thy scorers own.

- " What tho' hostile earth despise?  
 " Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes; 500  
 " Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide.  
 " Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.  
 " When the fatal trump shall sound,  
 " When th' immortals pour around,  
 " Heav'n shall thy return attest, 505  
 " Hail'd by myriads of the blest.  
 " Little native of the skies,  
 " Lovely Penitent arise;  
 " Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
 " Virtue is thy sister now. 510  
 " More delightful are my woes  
 " Than the rapture pleasure knows,  
 " Richer far the weeds I bring  
 " Than the robes that grace a king.  
 " On my wars of shortest date 515  
 " Crowns of endless triumph wait,  
 " On my cares a period blest,  
 " On my toils eternal rest.  
 " Come, with Virtue at thy side,  
 " Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd, 520  
 " Till we gain our native shore:  
 " Sister come, and turn no more." 522

## FABLE XVI.

## LOVE AND VANITY.

**T**HE breezy morning breath'd perfume,  
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,  
 Up with the sun, from short repose  
 Gay Health and lusty Labour rose,  
 The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail, 5  
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale,  
 When Love, who led a rural life,  
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,  
 Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,  
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade. 10  
 Anymp, who lightly tripp'd it by,  
 To quick attention turn'd his eye;

- He mark'd the gesture of the fair,  
 Her self-sufficient grace and air,  
 Her steps, that mincing meant to please, 1 15  
 Her study'd negligence and ease,  
 And curious to enquire what meant  
 This thing of prettiness and paint,  
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant ;  
 The lady slightly, Sir, your servant. 20
- " Such beauty in so rude a place !  
 " Fair one, you do the country grace !  
 " At court no doubt the public care ;  
 " But Love has small acquaintance there."  
 " Yes, Sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame, 25  
 " This form confesses whence it came ;  
 " But dear variety, you know,  
 " Can make us pride and pomp forego.  
 " My name is Vanity ; I tway  
 " The utmost islands of the sea ; 30  
 " Within my court all honour centres ;  
 " I raise the meanest soul that enters,  
 " Endow with latent gifts and graces,  
 " And model fools for posts and places.
- " As Vanity appoints, at pleasure, 35  
 " The world receives its weight and measure ;  
 " Hence all the grand concerns of life,  
 " Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.  
 " Reflect how far my pow'r prevails  
 " When I step in where nature fails, 40  
 " And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,  
 " Am bounteous still where heav'n is sparing.
- " But chief in all their arts and airs,  
 " Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,  
 " Their various habits and complexions, 45  
 " Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,  
 " Their robing, curling, and adorning,  
 " From noon to night, from night to morning,  
 " From six to sixty, sick or sound,  
 " I rule the female world around." 50
- " Hold there a moment," Cupid cry'd,  
 " Nor boast dominion quite so wide ;

- " Was there no province to invade  
 " But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?  
 " All other empire I resign,  
 " But be the sphere of Beauty mine: 55  
 " For in the downy lawn of rest,  
 " That opens on a woman's breast,  
 " Attended by my peaceful train,  
 " I chuse to live and chuse to reign. 60  
 " Far-sighted Faith I bring along,  
 " And Truth, above an army strong,  
 " And Chastity, of icy mould,  
 " Within the burning tropicks cold,  
 " And Lowliness, to whose mild brow 65  
 " The pow'r and pride of nations bow,  
 " And Modesty, with downcast eye,  
 " That lends the Morn her virgin dye,  
 " And Innocence, array'd in light,  
 " And Honour, as a tow'r upright, 70  
 " With sweetly winning Graces more  
 " Than poets ever dreamt of yore,  
 " In unaffected conduct free,  
 " All smiling sisters three times three,  
 " And rosy Peace, the cherub blest, 75  
 " That nightly sings us all to rest.  
 " Hence from the bud of Nature's prime,  
 " From the first step of infant Time,  
 " Woman, the world's appointed light,  
 " Has skirted ev'ry shade with white, 80  
 " Has stood for imitation high,  
 " To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,  
 " From ancient deeds of fair renown,  
 " Has brought her bright memorials down,  
 " To Time affix'd perpetual youth, 85  
 " And form'd each tale of love and truth.  
 " Upon a new Promethean plan  
 " She moulds the essence of a man,  
 " Tempers his ma's, his genius fires,  
 " And as a better soul inspires. 90  
 " The rude she softens, warms the cold,  
 " Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,

- " Calls Sloth from his supine repose,  
 " Within the coward's bosom glows,  
 " Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest, 95  
 " Bids bashful Merit stand confest,  
 " And, like coarse metal from the mines,  
 " Collects, irradiates, and refines.  
 " The gentle science she imparts,  
 " All manners smooths, informs all hearts; 100  
 " From her sweet influence are felt  
 " Passions that please and thoughts that melt;  
 " To stormy rage she bids control,  
 " And sinks serenely on the soul,  
 " Softens Deucalion's flinty race, 105  
 " And tunes the warring world to peace.  
 " Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,  
 " And freed from thy fantastic chain,  
 " She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,  
 " And rul'd by me o'errules mankind." 110  
 He spoke: the nymph impatient stood,  
 And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:  
 " And pray Sir, may I be so bold  
 " To hope your pretty tale is told?  
 " And next demand, without a cavil, 115  
 " What new Utopia do you travel?  
 " Upon my word these high-flown fancies  
 " Shew depth of learning—in romances.  
 " Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us  
 " Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows! 120  
 " Go, Child! and when you're grown maturer,  
 " You'll shoot your next opinion surer.  
 " O such a pretty knack at painting!  
 " And all for soft'ning and for fainting!  
 " Guess now, who can, a single feature 125  
 " Thro' the whole piece of female nature!  
 " Then mark! my looser hand may fit  
 " The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.  
 " 'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,  
 " Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging, 130  
 " On life's uncertain ocean riding,  
 " No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,



- " Is like the comet's wand'ring light,  
 " Eccentric, ominous and bright,  
 " Trackless and shifting as the wind, 135  
 " A sea whose fathom none can find.  
 " A moon still changing and revolving,  
 " A riddle past all human solving,  
 " A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,  
 " A—something which no man can tell. 140  
 " Now learn a secret from a friend,  
 " But keep your counsel, and attend.  
 " Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,  
 " Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,  
 " 'Tis but the difference of a name, 145  
 " And ev'ry woman is the same:  
 " For as the world, however vary'd,  
 " And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,  
 " Of elemental modes and forms,  
 " Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms, 150  
 " Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,  
 " Is of one subject matter made;  
 " So, Sir, a woman's constitution,  
 " The world's enigma, finds solution,  
 " And let her form be what you will, 155  
 " I am the subject essence still.  
 " With the first spark of female sense  
 " The speck of being I commence,  
 " Within the womb make fresh advances,  
 " And dictate future qualms and fancies, 160  
 " Thence in the growing form expand,  
 " With childhood travel hand in hand,  
 " And give a taste to all their joys  
 " In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.  
 " And, now familiar and unaw'd, 165  
 " I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;  
 " Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,  
 " The little goddess and the queen  
 " Takes at her infant shrine oblation,  
 " And drinks sweet draughts of adulation. 170  
 " Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,  
 " To dress becomes her darling care;

- " The realms of beauty then I bound,  
 " I swell the hoop's enchanted round,  
 " Shrink in the waist's descending size, 175  
 " Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise,  
 " High on the floating lappit sail,  
 " Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale :  
 " Then to her glass I lead the fair,  
 " And shew the lively idol there, 180  
 " Where, struck as by divine emotion,  
 " She bows with most sincere devotion;  
 " And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er  
 " In secret, bids the world adore.  
 " Then all for parking and parading, 183  
 " Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,  
 " For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!  
 " And churches sometimes—if the fashion ;  
 " For woman's sense of right and wrong  
 " Is rul'd by the almighty throng, 90  
 " Still turns to each meander tame,  
 " And swims the straw of ev'ry stream ;  
 " Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,  
 " Accomplish'd only in defects ;  
 " Such excellence is her ambition, 19  
 " Folly her wisest acquisition,  
 " And e'en from pity and disdain  
 " She'll cull some reason to be vain.  
 " Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,  
 " The wealth and wants of female nature, 200  
 " And e'en from vice, which you'd admire,  
 " I gather fuel to my fire,  
 " And on the very base of shame  
 " Erect my monument of fame.  
 " Let me another truth attempt, 205  
 " Of which your godship has not dreamt.  
 " Those shining virtues which you muster,  
 " Whence think you they derive their lustre,  
 " From native honour and devotion ?  
 " O yes, a mighty likely notion ! 210  
 " Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,  
 " 'Tis I make saints whoe'er make sinners :

- " 'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,  
 " And hold presumptuous man in awe;  
 " For female worth as I inspire 215  
 " In just degrees stills mounts the higher,  
 " And virtue so extremely nice  
 " Demands long toil and mighty price;  
 " Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,  
 " I bear the sex's tott'ring state; 220  
 " Sap these, and in a moment's space  
 " Down sinks the fabric to its base.  
 " Alike from titles and from toys  
 " I spring the fount of female joys,  
 " In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss, 225  
 " The sole artificer of bliss:  
 " For them each tropic I explore,  
 " I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;  
 " To them uniting India's sail  
 " Sabæa breathes her farthest gale; 230  
 " For them the bullion I refine,  
 " Dig sense and virtue from the mine,  
 " And, from the bowels of invention,  
 " Spin out the various arts you mention.  
 " Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow, 235  
 " They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;  
 " Beyond the Stoic's boasted art  
 " I sooth the heavings of the heart,  
 " To pain give splendour and relief,  
 " And gild the pallid face of grief. 240  
 " Alike the palace and the plain  
 " Admit the glories of my reign:  
 " Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,  
 " Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,  
 " Whate'er a woman says I say, 245  
 " Whate'er a woman spends I pay;  
 " Alike I fill and empty bags,  
 " Flutter in finery and rags,  
 " With light coquettes thro' folly range,  
 " And with the prude disdain to change. 250  
 " And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,  
 " That things were ripe for a reply——

- " But soft, and while I'm in the mood  
 " Kindly permit me to conclude,  
 " Their utt'nost mazes to unravel, 255  
 " And touch the farthest step they travel.  
 " When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,  
 " And Folly tir'd thro' many a round,  
 " The nymph conceiving discontent hence  
 " May ripen to an hour's repentance, 260  
 " And vapours, shed in pious moisture,  
 " Dismiss her to a church or cloister ;  
 " Then on I lead her with devotion  
 " Conspicuous in her dress and motion,  
 " Inspire the heav'nly breathing air, 265  
 " Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,  
 " Soften the voice, and in the face  
 " Look melting harmony and grace.  
 " Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,  
 " Nor quits her in her latest hour ; 270  
 " The couch of decent pain I spread,  
 " In form recline her languid head,  
 " Her thoughts I methodise in death,  
 " And part not with her parting breath ;  
 " Then do I set in order bright 275  
 " A length of fun'ral pomp to sight,  
 " The glitt'ring tapers and attire,  
 " The plumes that whiten o'er her bier,  
 " And, last presenting to her eye  
 " Angelic fineries on high, 280  
 " To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,  
 " And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter."  
 " In truth," rejoin'd Love's gentle god,  
 " You've gone a tedious length of road,  
 " And strange, in all the toilsome way, 285  
 " No house of kind refreshment lay,  
 " No nymph whose virtues might have tempted  
 " To hold her from her sex exempted."  
 " For one we'll never quarrel man:  
 " Take her and keep her if you can : 290  
 " An I pleas'd I yield to your petition,  
 " Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,

“ Will hold herself the one selected,  
 “ And so my system stands protected.”

“ O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,  
 “ To truths divinely vouch'd in story !”

The godhead in his zeal return'd,  
 And kindling at her malice burn'd ;  
 Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told  
 Of heav'nly nymphs rever'd of old,

Hypsipile, who sav'd her fire,

And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,

Alike Penelope was quoted,

Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,

Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,

Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,

Alceste's voluntary steel,

And Cath'rine smiling on the wheel.

But who can hope to plant conviction,

Where cavil grows on contradiction ?

Some she evades or disavows,

Demurs to all, and none allows ;

A kind of ancient things call'd fables !

And thus the goddesses turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,

And choler flash'd from either eye ;

Nor wonder each refus'd to yield,

The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view

A goddess, whom our grandams knew,

Of aspect grave, and sober gait,

Majestic, awful, and sedate,

As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,

When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,

Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,

And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.

Quick at a venture both agree

To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,

In form and manner as related :

The case was short : they crav'd opinion

Which held o'er females chief dominion ?

When thus the goddess, anſw'ring mild,  
 Firſt ſhook her gracious head and ſmil'd :

“ Alas! how willing to comply, 335  
 “ Yet how unfit a judge am I!  
 “ In times of golden date, 'tis true,  
 “ I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you ;  
 “ But from their preſence long precluded,  
 “ Or held as one whoſe form intruded, 340  
 “ Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,  
 “ Prudence has bid the ſex farewel.”

In this dilemma what to do,  
 Or who to think of, neither knew ;  
 For both, ſtill biast'd in opinion, 345  
 And arrogant of ſole dominion,  
 Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,  
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair  
 Of inexperienc'd gait and air, 350  
 Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,  
 Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,  
 With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,  
 Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

“ Now, now!” cry'd Love's triumphant child, 355  
 And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,  
 “ If vanity will once be guided,  
 “ Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided :  
 “ Behold yon wench, a fit occaſion  
 “ To try your force of gay perſuaſion : 360  
 “ Go you, while I retire aloof,  
 “ Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof,  
 “ And if your prevalence of art  
 “ Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,  
 “ I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er, 365  
 “ And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.”

At once ſo ſaid and ſo conſented,  
 And well our goddess ſeem'd contented,  
 Nor pausing, made a moment's ſtand,  
 But tript, and took the girl in hand. 370  
 Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,  
 As one to each occaſion arm'd,

Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,  
 That erst had wounded many a heart,  
 Then, bending, drew it to the head,  
 The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,  
 And, to her secret soul address,  
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.  
 But here the dame, whose guardian care,  
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,  
 At once her pocket mirror drew,  
 And held the wonder full in view ;  
 As quickly rang'd in order bright,  
 A thousand beauties rush to sight,  
 A world of charms till now unknown,  
 A world reveal'd to her alone ;  
 Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,  
 Suspended o'er the darling shade,  
 Here only fixes to admire,  
 And centres ev'ry fond desire.

## FABLE XVII.

## THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

**A**S on my couch supine I lay,  
 Like others, dreaming life away ;  
 Methought, expanded to my sight,  
 A temple rear'd its stately height.  
 All ready built, without omitting  
 One ornament, for temples fitting.

Large look'd the pile, sublime and fair ;  
 But " Who the godhead worshipp'd there ?"  
 This to inquire, appearing meet,  
 Imagination lent me feet,  
 And thither, without further cavil,  
 I fairly undertook to travel.

At once, in bright possession spied,  
 The female world was at my side,  
 Mingled, like many colour'd patterns,  
 Nymphs, mes dames, trollops, belles, and flatterers,  
 From point, and saucy ermine, down  
 To the plain coif, and ruffet gown ;

All, by inquiry as I found,  
On one important errand bound. 20

Their van, to either tropic spread,  
Forerunning expectation led ;  
Pleasure the female standard bore,  
And Youth danc'd lightly on before ;  
While Prudence, Judgment, Sense, and Taste, 25  
The few directing virtues, plac'd  
To form and guide a woman's mind,  
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind,

At length in jubilee arriving,  
Where dwelt the jolly god of wiveing, 30  
All prest promiscuously to enter,  
Nor once reflected on the venture,  
But here, the muse, affecting state,  
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,  
Lest such a rendezvous should hinder 35  
'To say what past, the while, within door.

Against the portal, full in sight,  
His sable vesture starr'd like night,  
High thron'd upon an ebon seat,  
Beneath a canopy of state, 40  
'That o'er his dusky temples nodded,  
Was fix'd the matrimonial godhead.

Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,  
The world's collected wealth was laid :  
Where bags of mammon, pil'd around, 45  
And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground.  
With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers  
Of dow'ries, settlements, and jointures ;  
From whence, in just propotion weigh'd,  
And down, by special tail, convey'd, 50  
The future progenies inherit  
Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.

Whatever titles here may suit us  
For this same god, Hymen, or Plutus,  
Who, from his trade of a gold-finder, 55  
Might now become a marriage binder,  
And, haply, use that precious metal  
To solder sexes, like a kettle ;



No earthly god, in my opinion,  
Claim'd such an absolute dominion. 60

To prove his right to adoration,  
Through ev'ry age, and ev'ry nation,  
Around the spacious dome, display'd  
By many a fabled light and shade,  
Was emblematically told, 65  
The great omnipotence of gold.

And first in yonder panel seen,  
A lad, call'd Paris, stroll'd the green,  
Poor, hungry, witlefs, and dejected,  
By country, and by kin, neglected; 70  
Till fortune, as she cross'd the plain,  
Conceiv'd a crotchet in her brain,  
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,  
Took a huge pippin from her pocket,  
Of the true glittering tempting kind, 75  
And gold throughout from core to rind;  
This, in a whim, the dame bestow'd,  
Then smiling, turn'd, and went her road.

The neighbours, now, when fame had shown 'em  
The youth had got the summum bonum, 80  
From many a hut and hamlet crowd,  
And duly at his levy bow'd,  
His reputation spreads apace—  
O, such a shape, and such a face!  
His mouth he opens, and they swear 85  
The Delphic oracle is there.

Now, see the king of Troy aspire  
To be the wealthy shepherd's sire.  
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;  
To him, three goddesses descended, 90  
And show'd, in fair and open day,  
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,  
O'er which, our poem, to conceal  
From vulgar optics, drops a veil.

In the next panel, you discover 95  
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,  
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius daughter,  
In many a shape had vainly sought her,

And run the round of all his tricks,  
 Yet still was doubtful where to fix; 100  
 Till, by some wiser head inclin'd,  
 To cast his blustering bolt behind,  
 His duller lightning to withhold,  
 And wear the brigher form of gold,  
 He took the hint, he storm'd the tower, 105  
 And dropt in yon omnific shower.

In the next board, the tale so common is,  
 'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,  
 I shall but slightly stop a minute,  
 To drop one observation in it; 110  
 Remarking, that how'er prefer'd to  
 Their sex for many a course in virtue,  
 The bright allurements, well applied;  
 May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.

Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew,  
 Blooming temptation to the view,  
 In which a dragon, call'd the law,  
 Kept conscientious fools in awe:  
 Yet, power superior to the crime,  
 And tall Ambition, skill'd to climb, 120  
 With traitors of a new invention,  
 Who sell their country for a pension,  
 Through many a thicket won their way,  
 And spoil'd the grove, and shar'd the prey.

On the same golden system laid, 125  
 The world was in the fifth display'd;  
 The earth a golden axis turn'd;  
 The heavens, with golden planets burn'd,  
 And thence, as astrologians know,  
 Deriv'd their influence below: 130

A girdle, called the zodiac, grac'd  
 The glitt'ring round of Nature's waist,  
 Whose mystic charm from gold arises,  
 For this the Cestus of the skies is;  
 And, as in Homer's works we read 135  
 (And Homer is the poet's creed)  
 Of a well-twisted golden tether,  
 That tied the heavens and earth together,

Such was the cord, or such the cable,  
 That ty'd the spheres within this table ;  
 By which the artist, underhand,  
 Would give the wise to understand  
 That interest, in every creature,  
 Throughout religion, law, and nature,  
 From east to west, and pole to pole,  
 Moves, binds, suspends, and turns, the whole. 145

While thus, in passing slightly o'er, I  
 Survey'd the scenes of ancient story ;  
 Or ey'd, with more minute attention,  
 What prudence here forbids to mention ;  
 The muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me  
 Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me. 150

I turned, and view'd with deep surprise,  
 The phantom that assail'd my eyes :  
 His hinder-head disrob'd of hair,  
 His sapless back and shoulders bare,  
 Confest the wrinkles of a sage  
 Who past ten Nestors in his age ;  
 But cloth'd before, with decent grace,  
 And infant sweetness in his face,  
 Not Smintheus with such vigour strung,  
 Nor blooming Hebe look'd so young. 160

On his left hand a palette lay,  
 With many a teint of colours gay ;  
 While, guided with an easy flight,  
 The flying pencil grac'd his right. 165  
 Unnumber'd canvasses appear'd,  
 Before the moving artist rear'd,  
 On whose inspirited expanse he  
 Express'd the creatures of his fancy ;  
 So touch'd, with such a swift command,  
 With such a magic power of hand,  
 That Nature did herself appear  
 Less real than her semblance here,  
 And not a mortal, so betray'd,  
 Could know the substance from the shade ! 175

Whate'er the world conceives in life,  
 Worth toil, anxiety, and strife ;

Whate'er by ignorance is bought,  
By Madness wish'd, or Folly fought,  
The mitres, coronets, and garters,  
To which Ambition leads his martyrs;

With every joy and toy that can  
Amuse the various child of man,  
Was painted here in many a scene,  
A trifling, transient, charming train!

A while I stood, in thought suspended,  
To guess what these affairs intended;  
When, lo! the Muse in whispers told,  
" 'Tis father Time whom you behold;

" In part discover'd to the wife,  
" In part conceal'd from human eyes.  
" A slave to yon gold-giving power,  
" For him he spends each restless hour;

" The product of his toil intends  
" As gifts to those his god befriends.  
" And paints what other mortals view  
" As substances, though shades to you."

She ceas'd, and turning to the sentry,  
Desir'd he'd give the ladies entry;  
And straight the portal open'd wide,  
And in they delug'd like a tide.

So, to some grove by stress of weather,  
Fast flock the fowl of every feather;  
A mighty pretty prating rabble,  
Like Iris rigg'd, and tongu'd like Babel;

Then crowding tow'rd the nuptial throne,  
By bags of strong attraction known,  
Low bending to their god they bow'd,  
And vented thus their prayer aloud:

" Great Power! in whom our sex confides,  
" Who rul'st the turns of female tides;  
" Who ken'st, while varying fancy ranges  
" Through all its doubles, twirls, and changes,

" To what a woman's heart is prone,  
" A secret to ourselves unknown—  
" O give us, give us, mighty Power!  
" The wedded joy of every hour:

- " Assign thy favourites in marriage  
 " To coaches of distinguish'd carriage ; 220  
 " To all the frippery of dressing,  
 " A nameless, boundless, endless blessing ;  
 " To drums, ridottos, fights, and sounds ;  
 " To visits in eternal rounds :  
 " To card and counter, rake and rattle ; 225  
 " To the whole lust of tongue and tattle ;  
 " And all the dear delightful trances  
 " Of countless frolics, fits, and fancies.  
 " You've heard that men, unpolish'd boors,  
 " Lay naughty passions at our doors ; 230  
 " 'Tis yours to contradict the liar,  
 " Who are, yourself, our chief desire.  
 " O then, a widow, or a wife,  
 " To you we yield each choice in life ;  
 " Or, would you every prayer fulfil, 235  
 " Wed us, O ! wed us, to our will !"

They ceas'd, and, without more addition,  
 The god confirm'd their full petition :  
 To Time he beckon'd, and desir'd  
 He'd give the good each nymph requir'd ; 240  
 And from his visionary treasure,  
 Wed every woman to her pleasure.

The first who came resolv'd to fix  
 Upon a gilded coach and six :  
 The suit was granted her on sight ; 245  
 The nymph with ardour seiz'd her right.  
 A wonder ! by possession banish'd,  
 The coach and dappled coursers vanish'd ;  
 And a foul waggon held the fair,  
 Full laden with a weight of care : 250  
 She sigh'd, her sisters caught the sound,  
 And one insulting laugh went round.

The second was a dame of Britain,  
 Who by a coronet was smitten ;  
 With boldness she advanced her claim, 255  
 Exulting in so just a flame.  
 But ah ! where bliss alone was patent,  
 What unsuspected mischief latent !

The worst in all Pandora's box,  
Her coronet contain'd a ——.

263

With this example in her eye,  
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,  
And fix'd her sight and soul together  
Upon a raking vat and feather ;  
Nor sigh'd in vain, but seiz'd her due,  
And clasp'd old age in twenty-two.

265

Thus, through the diff'rence and degrees  
Of sword-knots, mitres, and toupees,  
Prin bands, pert bobs, and well-hung blades,  
Long robes, smart jackets, fierce cockades,  
And all the fooleries in fashion,  
Whate'er became the darling passion,  
The good for which they did importune,  
Was straight revers'd into misfortune ;  
And ev'ry woman, like the first,  
Was at her own entreaty curst.

270

75

At length was introduc'd a fair,  
With such a face, and such an air,  
As never was on earth, I ween,  
Save by poetic organs, seen.

280

With decent grace and gentle cheer,  
The bright adventurer drew near ;  
Her mild approach the godhead spy'd,  
And, " Fairest," with a smile, he cry'd,  
" If ought you seek in Hymen's power,  
" You find him in an happy hour."

285

At this the virgin, half amaz'd,  
As round the spacious dome she gaz'd,  
With caution every symbol ey'd,  
And, blushing, gracefully reply'd :

290

" If you are he whose pow'r controls  
" And knits the sympathy of souls,  
" Then, whence this pomp of worthless gear,  
" And why this heap of counters here ?  
" Is this vain show of glittering ore  
" The bliss that Hymen has in store ?  
" Love sees the folly, with the gloss,  
" And laughs to scorn thy useles dross.

295

- " Where are the symbols of thy reign ?  
 " And where thy robe of Tyrian grain, 300  
 " Whose teint, in virgin-colours dy'd,  
 " Derives its blushing from the bride ?  
 " Where is thy torch, serenely bright,  
 " To lovers yielding warmth and light,  
 " That from the heart derives its fire, 305  
 " And only can with life expire.  
 " Will this inactive mass impart  
 " The social feelings of the heart ?  
 " Or can material fetters bind  
 " The free affections of the mind ? 310  
 " Through every age the great, the wise,  
 " Behold thee with superior eyes ;  
 " Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,  
 " And virtue flies thy hostile reign.  
 " By love congenial souls embrace, 315  
 " Celestial source of human race !  
 " From whence the cordial sense within,  
 " The bosom'd amities of kin,  
 " The call of Nature to her kind,  
 " And all the tunings of the mind, 320  
 " That, winding heaven's harmonious plan,  
 " Compose the brotherhood of man."  
 She said, and gracefully withdrew ;  
 Her steps the muse and I pursue.  
 Along an unfrequented way 325  
 The virgin led, nor led astray ;  
 Till, like the first in form and size,  
 A second fabric struck our eyes :  
 We entered, guided by the fair,  
 And saw a second Hymen there. 230  
 A silken robe, of saffron hue,  
 About his decent shoulders flew ;  
 While a fair taper's virgin light  
 Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.  
 An hundred Cupids wanton'd round, 335  
 Whose useless quivers strew'd the ground ;  
 While, careless of their wonted trade,  
 They with the smiling Graces play'd.

Along the wall's extended side,  
 With tints of varying nature dy'd,  
 In needled tapestry was told  
 The tale of many a love of old. 340

In groves that breathe a citron air,  
 Together walk'd the wedded pair,  
 Or toy'd upon the vernal ground,  
 Their beauteous offspring sporting round,  
 Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay  
 And slept and lov'd the night away. 345

There sat Penelope in tears,  
 Besieg'd, like Troy, for ten long years :  
 Her suitors, in a neighb'ring room,  
 Wait the long promise of the loom,  
 Which she defers from day to day,  
 Till death determin'd to delay. 250

With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung,  
 Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung ;  
 Where in the fields at Ilium fought,  
 The labours of her lord she wrought,  
 The toil, the dust, the flying foe,  
 The rallied host, the instant blow ;  
 Then sighing, trembled at the view,  
 Scar'd at the dangers which she drew. 355 360

There too, suspended o'er the wave,  
 Alcione was seen to rave,  
 When, as the foundering wreck she spy'd,  
 She on her sinking Ceyx cry'd :  
 Her Ceyx, though by seas oppress'd,  
 Still bear's her image in his breast ;  
 And with his fondest, latest breath,  
 Murmurs " Alcione " in death. 365 370

Panthea there, upon a bier,  
 Laid the sole lord of her desire :  
 His limbs were scatter'd through the plains ;  
 She join'd and kiss'd the dear remains.  
 Too pond'rous was her weight of woe  
 For sighs to rise, or tears to flow :  
 On the lov'd corse she fix'd her view,  
 No other use of seeing knew ; 75



While high and stedfast as the gaz'd  
 Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd 380  
 Nor yet the desp'rate weapon staid,  
 But for a longer look delay'd,  
 Till, plung'd within her beauteous breast,  
 She on his bosom sunk to rest.

But, Oh! beyond whate'er was told 385  
 In modern tales, or truths of old,  
 One pair, in form and spirit twin'd,  
 Out-lov'd the loves of human kind;  
 She Hero, he Leander, nam'd,  
 For mutual faith as beauty fam'd! 390  
 Their story from its source begun,  
 And to the fatal period run.

While bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,  
 The youth adores her power divine,  
 He sees her blooming priestesses there, 395  
 Beyond the sea-born goddess fair:  
 She, as some god, the strippling eyes,  
 Just lighted from his native skies—  
 The god whose chariot guides the hour,  
 Or haply love's immortal power. 400

At once their conscious glances spoke  
 Like fate the strong and mutual stroke;  
 Attracted by a secret force,  
 Like currents meeting in their course,  
 That thence one stream for ever rolls, 405  
 Together rush'd their mingling souls,  
 Too close for fortune to divide,  
 For each was lost in either tide.

In vain by ruthless parents torn,  
 Their bodies are assunder borne, 410  
 And towering bulwarks intervene,  
 And envious ocean rolls between;  
 Love wings their letters o'er the sea,  
 And kisses melt the seals away.

And now the fable night impends, 415  
 Leander to the shore descends,  
 Exults at the appointed hour,  
 And marks the signal on the tower—

A torch, to guide the lover's way,  
 Endear'd beyond the brightest day! 420

At once he plunges in the tide;  
 His arms the Helleipont divide;  
 The danger and the toil he braves,  
 And dashes the contending waves.  
 While near and nearer to his sight 425

The taper darts a ruddier light,  
 Recruited at the view, he glows;  
 Aside the whelming billow throws:  
 The winds and seas oppose in vain;  
 He spurns, he mounts, he skims the main. 430

Now from the tower where Hero stood  
 And threw a radiance o'er the flood,  
 Leander in the deep she spy'd,  
 And would have sprung to join his side;  
 Howe'er, her wishes make essay, 435  
 And clasp and warm him on his way.

The main is cross'd, the shore is gain'd,  
 The long wish'd hour at last attain'd.  
 But lovers, if there e'er arose

A pair so form'd and fond as those, 440  
 So lov'd, so beautiful, and so blest,  
 Alone can speak or think the rest;  
 Nor will the weeping muse unfold  
 The close, too tragic to be told!

Long were the loving list to name 445  
 With Portia's faith, that swallow'd flame:  
 But much the longer list were those  
 Whose joys were unallay'd by woes;  
 Whose bliss no cruel parents cross,  
 Whose love not ages could exhaust 450  
 Where not a cloud did intervene,  
 Or once o'ercast thy bright serene;

But through the summer's day of life,  
 The husband tender as the wife;  
 Like Henry and his nut brown maid, 455  
 Their faith nor shaken nor decay'd,  
 Together ran the blissful race,  
 Together liv'd, and slept in peace.

- Long time the much inquiring maid  
 From story on to story stray'd ; 460  
 Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,  
 Or wept her tribute to their woe ;  
 Till Hymen, with a placid air,  
 Approaching, thus address'd the fair :  
 " Hail to the nymph whose sacred train 465  
 " Of virtues shall restore my reign !  
 " Whate'er the wishes of thy soul,  
 " But speak them, and possess the whole."  
 " Thanks, gentle power," the maid reply'd ;  
 " Your bounty shall be amply try'd. 470  
 " I seek not titles, rank, or state,  
 " Superfluous to the truly great ;  
 " Nor yet to sordid wealth inclin'd,  
 " The poorest passion of the mind ;  
 " But, simply fix'd to nature's plan, 475  
 " I seek th' associate in the man.  
 " Yet, O beware ! for much depends  
 " On what that syllable intends.  
 " Give him a form that may delight  
 " My inward sense, my mental sight ; 480  
 " In every outward act design'd  
 " To speak an elegance of mind.  
 " In him, by science, travel, taste,  
 " Be nature polished, not defac'd ;  
 " And set, as is the brilliant stone, 485  
 " To be with double lustre shown.  
 " Sweet be the music of his tongue,  
 " And as the lyre of David strung,  
 " To steal from each delighted day  
 " Affliction, care, and time, away. 490  
 " Within his comprehensive soul  
 " Let heaven's harmonious system roll :  
 " There let the great, the good, the wise,  
 " Of fam'd antiquity arise,  
 " From every age, and every clime 495  
 " Eluding death and circling time !  
 " There let the sacred virtues meet,  
 " And range their known and native feat !

- " There let the charities unite,  
 " And human feelings weep delight. 500  
 " Kind power! if such a youth you know.  
 " He's all the heaven I ask below."  
 So wish'd the much aspiring maid;  
 Pale turn'd the power, and, sighing, said:  
 " Alas! like him you fondly claim, 505  
 " Through ev'ry boasted form and name,  
 " That graces nature's varying round,  
 " A second is not to be found!  
 " Your suit, fair creature, must miscarry,  
 " Till Charlemont resolves to marry." 510

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE TRIAL OF SELIM THE PERSIAN.

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

- T**HE court was met, the pris'ner brought,  
 The council with instructions fraught,  
 And evidence prepar'd at large  
 On oath to vindicate the charge.  
 But first 'tis meet where form denies 5  
 Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,  
 Gay metaphors and figures fine,  
 And similes to deck the line,  
 'Tis meet (as we before have said)  
 To call description to our aid. 10  
 Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)  
 With the three chiefs in judgment sitting.  
 Above the rest, and in the chair,  
 Sat Faction, with dissembled air;  
 Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies 15  
 And murmurs, whence dissensions rise,  
 A smiling mask her features veil'd,  
 Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd,  
 With study'd blandishments she bow'd,  
 And drew the captivated crowd. 20  
 The next in place, and on the right,  
 Sat Envy, hideous to the fight!

Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes  
 And haggard form forbad disguise;  
 Pale discontent and fullen hate 25  
 Upon her wrinkled forehead sat,  
 Her left-hand clench'd, her cheek sustain'd,  
 Her right (with many a murder stain'd)  
 A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike,  
 With starts of rage and aim oblique. 30

Last, on the left, was Clamour seen,  
 Of stature vast and horrid mein;  
 With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,  
 She sent her yellings to the skies,  
 Prepar'd, with trumpet in her hand, 35  
 To blow sedition o'er the land.

With these, four more of lesser fame,  
 And humbler rank, attendant came,  
 Hypocrisy with smiling grace,  
 And Impudence, with brazen face, 40  
 Contention bold, with iron lungs,  
 And Slander, with her hundred tongues.

The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,  
 And statues proud (in many a nich)  
 Of chiefs who fought in Faction's cause, 45  
 And perish'd for contempt of laws:  
 The roof, in vary'd light and shade,  
 The seat of Anarchy display'd:  
 Triumphant o'er a falling throne  
 (By emblematic figures known) 50  
 Confusion rag'd, and Lust obscene,  
 And Riot, with distemper'd mien,  
 And Outrage bold, and Mischief dire,  
 And Devastation clad in fire:  
 Prone on the ground a martial maid 55  
 Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid,  
 Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,  
 Her laurels torn, her spear revers'd,  
 And near her crouch'd amidst the spoils  
 A lion panted in the toils. 60

With look compos'd, the pris'ner stood,  
 And modest pride: by turns he view'd

The court, the council, and the crowd,  
And with submissive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now in humbler strains  
And lighter rhymes with what remains.

65

Th' indictment grievously set forth  
That Selim, lost to patriot worth,  
(In company with one Will P—tt,  
And many more not taken yet)

70

In forty-five the royal palace  
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,  
Did then and there his faith forsake,  
And did accept, receive, and take,  
With mischievous intent and base,  
Value unknown, a certain place.

75

He was a second time indicted  
For that, by evil zeal excited,  
With learning more than layman's share  
(Which parsons want and he might spare)

80

In letter to one Gilbert West,  
He, the said Selim, did attest,  
Maintain, support, and make assertion,  
Of certain points from Paul's Conversion,  
By means whereof the said apostle  
Did many an unbeliever jostle,  
Starting unfashionable fancies,  
And building truths on known romances.

85

A third charge ran, that knowing well  
Wits only eat as pamphlets sell,  
He, the said Selim, notwithstanding,  
Did fall to answer, shaming, branding,  
Three curious letters to the Whigs,

90

Making no reader care three figs  
For any facts contain'd therein,  
By which uncharitable sin,

95

An author, modest and deserving,  
Was destin'd to contempt and starving,  
Against the king, his crown, and peace,  
And all the statutes in that case.

100

The pleader rose with brief full charg'd,  
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—

But not to damp the muse's fire  
 With rhet'ric such as courts require,  
 We'll try to keep the reader warm,  
 And sift the matter from the form. 105  
 Virtue and social love, he said,  
 And honour, from the land were fled ;  
 That patriots now, like other folks,  
 Were made the butt of vulgar jokes, 110  
 While Opposition dropp'd her crest,  
 And courted pow'r for wealth and rest ;  
 Why some folks laugh'd and some folks rail'd,  
 Why some submitted some assail'd,  
 Angry or pleas'd—all solv'd the doubt 115  
 With who were in and who were out ;  
 The sons of Clamour grew so sickly,  
 They look'd for dissolution quickly ;  
 Their weekly journals finely written,  
 Were sunk in privies all besh—n, 120  
 Old England, and the London Evening,  
 Hardly a soul was found believing in ;  
 And Caleb, once so bold and strong,  
 Was stupid now, and always wrong.  
 Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace ? 125  
 Why Selim has receiv'd a place,  
 And thereby brought the cause to shame,  
 Proving that people void of blame  
 Might serve their country and their king,  
 By making both the selfsame thing, 130  
 By which the credulous believ'd  
 And others (by strange arts deceiv'd)  
 That ministers were sometimes right,  
 And meant not to destroy us quite.  
 That bart'ring thus in state affairs 135  
 He next must deal in sacred wares,  
 The clergy's rights divine invade,  
 And smuggle in the gospel trade ;  
 And all this zeal to reinstate,  
 Exploded notions out of date, 140  
 Sending old rakes to church in shoals,  
 Like children sniv'ling for their souls,

And ladies gay from smut and libels  
 To learn beliefs and read their bibles,  
 Erecting conscience for a tutor, 145  
 To damn the present by the future,  
 As if to evils known and real,  
 'Twas needful to annex ideal,  
 When all of human life we know  
 Is care, and bitterness, and woe, 150  
 With short transitions of delight  
 To set the shatter'd spirits right ;  
 Then why such mighty pains and care  
 To make us humbler than we are ?  
 Forbidding short-liv'd mirth and laughter 155  
 By fears of what may come hereafter ;  
 Better in ignorance to dwell ;  
 None fear but who believe a hell ;  
 And if there should be one, no doubt,  
 Men of themselves would find it out. 160

But Selim's crimes he said went further,  
 And barely stopp'd on this side murder ;  
 One yet remain'd to close the charge  
 To which (with leave) he'd speak at large.  
 And first 'twas needful to premise 165  
 That tho' so long (for reasons wise)  
 The press inviolate had stood,  
 Productive of the public good,  
 Yet still too modest to abuse,  
 It rail'd at vice, but told not whose ; 170  
 That great improvements of late days  
 Were made to many an author's praise,  
 Who not so scrupulously nice  
 Proclaim'd the person with the vice,  
 Or gave, where vices might be wanted, 175  
 The name, and took the rest for granted.  
 Upon this plan a champion \*rois,  
 Unrighteous greatness to oppose,  
 Proving the man *inventus non est*  
 Who trades in pow'r and still is honest ; 180

\* Author of a letter to the Whigs.



And (God be prais'd!) he did it roundly,  
 Flogging a certain junto soundly;  
 But chief his anger was directed  
 Where people least of all suspected,  
 And Selim not so strong as tall 185  
 Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall,  
 But Innocence (as people say)  
 Stood by and sav'd him in the fray:  
 By her assisted, and one Truth,  
 A busy, prating, forward youth, 190  
 He rally'd all his strength anew,  
 And at the foe a letter threw;  
 His weakest part the weapon found,  
 And brought him senseless to the ground;  
 Hence Opposition fled the field, 195  
 And Ign'rance with her sev'nfold shield;  
 And well they might, (for things weigh'd fully)  
 The pris'ner with his whore and bully  
 Must prove for every foe too hard  
 Who never fought with such a guard. 200  
 But Truth and Innocence, he said,  
 Would stand him here in little stead,  
 For they had evidence on oath  
 That would appear too hard for both.  
 Of witnesses a fearful train 205  
 Came next th' indictments to sustain,  
 Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,  
 And Party, of all foes the worst,  
 Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,  
 And Disappointment, worn with grief, 210  
 Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,  
 And ev'ry fiend that vice can name:  
 All these in ample form depos'd  
 Each fact the triple charge disclos'd,  
 With taunts and gibes of bitter sort, 215  
 And asking vengeance from the court.

The pris'ner said, in his defence,  
 That he indeed had small pretence  
 To soften facts so deeply sworn,  
 But would for his offences mourn; 220

Yet more, he hop'd, than bare repentance  
Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.

That he had held a place some years

He own'd with penitence and tears,

But took it not from motives base,

225

Th' indictment there mistook the case ;

And tho' he had betray'd his trust,

In being to his country just,

Neglecting Faction and her friends,

He did it not for wicked ends,

230

But that complaints and feuds might cease,

And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to Gilbert West

Bore hard against him he confess ;

Yet there they wrong'd him, for the fact is

235

He reason'd for belief not practice,

And people might believe, he thought,

Tho' practice might be deem'd a fault.

He either dream'd it or was told

Religion was rever'd of old,

240

That it gave breeding no offence,

And was no foe to wit and sense ;

But whether this was truth or whim

He would not say ; the doubt with him

(And no great harm he hop'd) was how

245

Th' enlighten'd world would take it now ;

If they admitted it 'twas well,

If not, he never talk'd of hell,

Nor even hop'd to change men's measures

Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.

250

One accusation, he confess,

Had touch'd him more than all the rest ;

Three patriot letters, high in fame,

By him o'erthrown and brought to shame :

And tho' it was a rule in vogue

255

If one man call'd another rogue,

The party injur'd might reply,

And on his foe retort the lie,

Yet what accru'd from all his labour

But foul dishonour to his neighbour ?

260

And he's a most unchristian elf  
 Who others damns to save himself.  
 Besides, as all men knew, he said,  
 Those letters only rail'd for bread,  
 And hunger was a known excuse 265  
 For prostitution and abuse ;  
 A guinea, properly apply'd,  
 Had made the writer change his side :  
 He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,  
 And own'd he should have bought, not starv'd him. 270  
 The court, he said, knew all the rest,  
 And must proceed as they thought best,  
 Only he hop'd such resignation  
 Would plead some little mitigation ;  
 And if his character was clear 275  
 From other faults, (and friends were near  
 Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)  
 He did in humblest form request it  
 To be from punishment exempt,  
 And only suffer their contempt. 280  
 The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,  
 In turn demanding to be heard,  
 Integrity and Honour swore,  
 Benevolence, and twenty more,  
 That he was always of their party, 285  
 And that they knew him firm and hearty ;  
 Religion, sober dame ! attended,  
 And, as she could, his cause befriended ;  
 She said, 'twas since he came from college  
 She knew him, introduc'd by Knowledge ; 290  
 The man was modest and sincere,  
 No farther could she interfere.  
 The Muses begg'd to interpose,  
 But Envy with loud hissings rose,  
 And call'd them women of ill fame, 295  
 Liars, and prostitutes to shame,  
 And said to all the world 'twas known  
 Selim had had them ev'ry one.  
 The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,  
 When silence was proclaim'd around, 300

And Faction, rising with the rest,  
In form the pris'ner thus address :

- " You, Selim, thrice have been indicted,  
 " First, that, by wicked pride excited,  
 " And bent your country to disgrace, 305  
 " You have received and held a place ;  
 " Next, infidelity to wound,  
 " You've dar'd, with arguments profound,  
 " To drive freethinking to a stand,  
 " And with religion vex the land ; 310  
 " And lastly, in contempt of right,  
 " With horrid and unnat'ral spite,  
 " You have an author's fame o'erthrown,  
 " Thereby to build and fence your own.  
 " These crimes successive on your trial 315  
 " Have met with proofs beyond denial,  
 " To which yourself with shame conceded,  
 " And but in mitigation pleaded ;  
 " Yet that the justice of the court  
 " May suffer not in men's report, 320  
 " Judgment a moment I suspend,  
 " To reason as from friend to friend.  
 " And first, that you of all mankind  
 " With kings and courts should stain your mind,  
 " You ! who were Opposition's lord, 325  
 " Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword !  
 " That you, at last, for servile ends,  
 " Should wound the bowels of her friends !—  
 " Is aggravation of offence,  
 " That leaves for mercy no pretence. 330  
 " Yet more—for you to urge your hate,  
 " And back the church to aid the state,  
 " For you to publish such a letter,  
 " You ! who have known religion better,  
 " For you, I say, to introduce 335  
 " The fraud again !—there's no excuse :  
 " And last of all, to crown your shame,  
 " Was it for you to load with blame  
 " The writings of a patriot youth,  
 " And summon Innocence and Truth 340

" To prop your cause!—Was this for you!—  
 " But justice does your crimes pursue,  
 " And sentence now alone remains,  
 " Which thus by me the court ordains :  
   " That you return from whence you came,                   345  
 " There to be stript of all your fame  
 " By vulgar hands ; that once a week  
 " Old England pinch you till you squeak ;  
 " That ribald pamphlets do pursue you,  
 " And lies and murmurs, to undo you,                   350  
 " With ev'ry foe that worth procures,  
 " And only Virtue's friend be your's."                   352

THE TRIAL OF SARAH \*\*\*\*, ALIAS SLIM SAL.  
FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

**T**HE pris'ner was at large indicted,  
 For that, by thirst of gain excited,  
 One day, in July last, at tea,  
 And in the house of Mrs. P.  
 From the left breast of E. M. Gent.                   5  
 With base felonious intent,  
 Did then and there a heart with strings,  
 Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,  
 Steal, rob, and plunder, and all them  
 The chattels of the said E. M.                   10  
 The prosecutor swore, last May,  
 (The month he knew but not the day)  
 He left his friends in town, and went  
 Upon a visit down in Kent ;  
 That staying there a month or two                   15  
 He spent his time, as others do,  
 In riding, walking, fishing, swimming,  
 But being much inclin'd to women,  
 And young and wild, and no great reas'ner,  
 He got acquainted with the pris'ner.                   20  
 He own'd 'twas rumour'd in those parts  
 That she'd a trick of stealing hearts,  
 And from fifteen to twenty-two  
 Had made the devil-and-all to do :  
 But Mr. W. the vicar                   25  
 (And no man brews you better liquor)

Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,  
 The frolics of a girl forsooth ;  
 Things now were on another score,  
 He said, for she was twenty-four. 30  
 However, to make matters short,  
 And not to trespass on the court,  
 The lady was discover'd soon,  
 And thus it was. One afternoon,  
 The ninth of July last, or near it, 35  
 (As to the day he could not wear it)  
 In company at Mrs. P's,  
 Where folks say any thing they please,  
 Dean L. and Lady Mary by.  
 And Fanny waiting on Miss Y. 40  
 (He own'd he was inclin'd to think  
 Both were a little in their drink)  
 The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him cousin,  
 How many kisses made a dozen?  
 That being, as he own'd, in liquor, 45  
 The question made his blood run quicker,  
 And sense and reason in eclipse,  
 He vow'd he'd score them on her lips :  
 That rising up, to keep his word,  
 He got as far as kiss the third, 50  
 And would have counted th' other nine,  
 And so all present did opine,  
 But that he felt a sudden dizziness,  
 That quite undid him for the business ;  
 His speech he said began to falter, 55  
 His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,  
 His breast to thump without cessation,  
 And all within one conflagration.  
 " Bless me !" says Fanny, " what's the matter ?"  
 And Lady Mary look'd hard at her, 60  
 And stamp'd, and wish'd the pris'ner further,  
 And cry'd out, " Part them, or there's murder !"  
 That still he held the pris'ner fast,  
 And would have stood it to the last,  
 But struggling to go through the rest, 65  
 He felt a pain across his breast,

A sort of sudden twinge, he said,  
 That seem'd almost to strike him dead,  
 And after that such cruel smarting,  
 He thought the soul and body parting: 70  
 That then he let the pris'ner go,  
 And stagger'd off a step or so,  
 And thinking that his heart was ill,  
 He begg'd of Miss Y's maid to feel :  
 That Fanny stepp'd before the rest, 75  
 And laid her hand upon his breast,  
 But, mercy on us, what a stare  
 The creature gave! no heart was there :  
 Souse went her fingers in the hole,  
 Whence heart and strings and all were stole : 80  
 That Fanny turn'd and told the pris'ner,  
 She was a thief, and so she'd christen her,  
 And that it was a burning shame,  
 And brought the house an evil name,  
 And if she did not put the heart in, 85  
 The man would pine and die for certain.  
 The pris'ner then was in her airs,  
 And bid her mind her own affairs,  
 And told his Rev'ence, and the rest of 'em,  
 She was as honest as the best of 'em : 90  
 That Lady Mary, and Dean L,  
 Rose up, and said, 'twas mighty well ;  
 But that in gen'ral terms they said it,  
 A heart was gone, and some one had it ;  
 Words would not do, for search they must, 95  
 And search they would, and her the first :  
 That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,  
 And said she hop'd they would not hang her ;  
 That all she did was meant in jest,  
 And there the heart was and the rest : 100  
 That then the Dean cry'd out, O fye!  
 And sent in haste for Justice I.  
 Who though he knew her friends, and pity'd her,  
 Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.  
 The parties present swore the same, 105  
 And Fanny said the pris'ner's name

Had frighten'd all the country round,  
 And glad she was the bill was found :  
 She knew a man who knew another,  
 Who knew the very party's brother, 110  
 Who lost his heart by mere surprisè,  
 One morning looking at her eyes ;  
 And others had been known to squeak,  
 Who only chanc'd to hear her speak ;  
 For she had words of such a fort, 115  
 That though she knew no reason for't,  
 Would make a man of sense run mad,  
 And rifle him of all he had ;  
 And that she'd rob the whole community,  
 If ever she had opportunity. 120

The pris'ner now first silence broke,  
 And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.  
 She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,  
 To hear such matters sworn against her :  
 But that she hop'd to keep her temper, 125  
 And prove herself *eadem semper* :  
 That what the prosecutor swore,  
 Was some part true, and some part more :  
 She own'd she had been often seen with him,  
 And laugh'd and chatter'd on the green with him ;  
 The fellow seem'd to have humanity, 131  
 And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,  
 Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,  
 And that all women else look'd ghastly :  
 But then she hop'd the court would think, 135  
 She never was inclin'd to drink,  
 Or suffer hands like his to daub her,  
 Or encourage men to kiss and slobber her :  
 She'd have folks know she did not love it,  
 Or if she did, she was above it : 140  
 But this she said was sworn of course,  
 To prove her giddy, and then worse,  
 As she whose conduct was thought *levis*,  
 Might very well be reckon'd thievish.  
 She hop'd, she said, the court's discerning 145  
 Would pay some honour to her learning ;



For every day, from four to past six,  
 She went up stairs and read the classics.  
 Thus, having clear'd herself of levity,  
 The rest, she said, would come with brevity. 150  
 And first it injur'd not her honour,  
 To own the heart was found upon her,  
 For she could prove, and did aver,  
 The paltry thing belong'd to her.  
 The fact was thus. This prince of knaves 155  
 Was once the humblest of her slaves,  
 And often had confess'd the dart,  
 Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart :  
 That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,  
 Made great diversion of his passion, 160  
 Which set his blood in such a ferment,  
 As seem'd to threaten his interment :  
 That then she was afraid of losing him,  
 And so desisted from abusing him,  
 And often came and felt his pulse, 165  
 And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.  
 The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,  
 And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely ;  
 But told her that his heart was bursting,  
 And doctors he had little trust in ; 170  
 He therefore begg'd her to accept it,  
 And hop'd 'twould mend if once she kept it :  
 That having no aversion to it,  
 She said with all her soul she'd do it ;  
 But then she begg'd him to remember, 175  
 If he should need it in December,  
 (For winter months would make folks shiver,  
 Who wanted either heart or liver)  
 It never could return ; and added,  
 'Twas her's for life if once she had it. 180  
 The prosecutor said Amen,  
 And that he wish'd it not again,  
 And took it from his breast and gave her,  
 And bow'd and thank'd her for the favour,  
 But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of, 185  
 As heartless men were made a joke of,

- That next day whisp'ring him about it,  
 And asking how he felt without it?  
 He sigh'd, and cry'd, " Alack! alack!"  
 And begg'd and pray'd to have it back, 190  
 Or that she'd give him her's instead on't,  
 But she conceiv'd there was no need on't,  
 And said, and bid him make no pother,  
 He should have neither one nor t'other:  
 That then he rav'd and storm'd like fury, 195  
 And said that one was his *de jure*,  
 And rather than he'd leave pursuing her,  
 He'd swear a robbery and ruin her.
- That this was truth she did aver,  
 Whatever hap betided her; 200  
 Only that Mrs. P. she said,  
 Miss Y. and her deluded maid,  
 And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,  
 Were folks to whom she paid some deference,  
 And that she verily believ'd 205  
 They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
- Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,  
 And sigh'd as if his heart would break.  
 He said that he was Madam's surgeon,  
 Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon, 210  
 From *chier, manus, ergou, opus*,  
 (As scope is from the Latin *scopus* :)  
 'That he, he said, had known the prisoner,  
 From the first sun that ever rise on her,  
 And griev'd he was to see her there, 215  
 But took upon himself to swear,  
 There was not to be found in nature  
 A sweeter, or a better creature;  
 And if the king (God blefs him!) knew her,  
 He'd leave St. James to get to her; 220  
 But then as to the fact in question,  
 He knew no more on't than Hephæstion!  
 It might be false or might be true,  
 And this he said was all he knew.
- The judge proceeded to the charge, 225  
 And gave the evidence at large,

But often cast a sheep's eye at her,  
 And strove to mitigate the matter,  
 Pretending facts were not so clear,  
 And mercy ought to interfere. 230

The Jury then withdrew a moment,  
 As if on weighty points to comment,  
 And right or wrong resolved to save her,  
 They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were so,  
 It matters not for us to know. 235

The culprit by escape grown bold,  
 Pilfers alike from young and old,  
 The country all around her teases,  
 And robs or murders whom she pleases. 240

## ENVY AND FORTUNE,

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

**S**AYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, soft, Madam Flirt!  
 "Not so fast with your wheel, you'll be down in the  
 "dirt. [creature!

"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear

"You've shewn him a wonderful deal of good nature;

"His bags are so full, and such praises his due, 5

"That the like was ne'er known—and allowing to you:

"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,

"And to all you have done, add the gift of a wife?"

Says Fortune, and inil'd, "Madam Envy, God save

"But why always sneering at me and poor Davy? [ye!

"I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules, 10

"I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools:

"But the case is quite different here I aver it,

"For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by Merit.

"And yet to convince you--Nay, Madam, no hisses-- 15

"Good manners at least--Such behaviour as this is!"--

(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out,

With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.

But Fortune went on)—"Go convince you, I say,

"That I honour your scheme, I'll about it to day. 20

"The man shall be married, so pray now be easy,

"And Garrick for once shall do something to please ye."

So saying she rattled her wheel out of sight,  
 While Envy walk'd after and grin'd with delight.  
 It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been brewing 25  
 To marry poor David, and so be his ruin;  
 For Slander had told her the creature lov'd self,  
 And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;  
 From thence she was sure, had the devil a daughter,  
 He'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought her;  
 And then should her temper be fullen or haughty, 31  
 Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,  
 'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason,  
 That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season.

But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd, 35  
 Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind,  
 Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice,  
 She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.  
 The nymph shook her head when the business she knew,  
 And said that her female acquaintance were few; 40  
 That excepting Miss R\*\*\*—O yes! there was one,  
 A friend of that lady's, she visited none;  
 But the first was too great, and the last was too good,  
 And as for the rest she might get whom she could.

Away hurry'd Fortune, perplex'd and half mad, 45  
 But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:  
 She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,  
 Now knocking at one door, and then at another.  
 The girls curtsy'd low as she look'd in their faces,  
 And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;  
 But this was coquettish, and that was a prude, 51  
 One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude;  
 A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,  
 With prate without meaning, and pride without worth;  
 A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, were such 55  
 As either knew nothing, or something too much.—  
 In short, as they pass'd, she to all had objections,  
 The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affections,  
 The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,  
 And all of them flirts from fifteen up to thirty. 60

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,  
 Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly,

But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,  
She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.

My lady rose up as she saw her come in, 65

“ O ho! Madam Genius! pray where have you been?”

(For her ladyship thought from so serious an air,  
'Twas Genius come home, for it seems she liv'd there;)

But Fortune not minding her ladyship's blunder,  
And wiping her forehead, cry'd “ Well may you wonder

“ To see me thus flurry'd”—then told her the case,  
And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face. [lady,

“ Mighty civil indeed!”—“ Come, a truce,” says my

“ A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye,

“ I'll shew you a girl that--Here, Martin, go tell-- 75

“ But she's gone to undress; by and by is as well—

“ I'll shew you a sight that you'll fancy uncommon,

“ Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;

“ A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd,

“ A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind.” 80

“ O pray let me see her,” says Fortune, and smil'd;

“ Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my child—

“ But who my dear! who?—for you have not told yet--”

“ Who, indeed,” says my lady, “ if not Violette?”

The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the room;

A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom: 86

So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,

That Fortune, astonish'd, sat mute in her chair.

My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,

“ This is Fortune my dear!” and presented her hand:

The goddess embrac'd her, and call'd her her own, 91

And, compliments over, her errand made known.

But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trem-

How oft she said No, and how ill she dissembled, [bled,

Or how little David rejoic'd at the news, 95

And swore from all others 'twas her he would chuse,

What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail,

All these were they told would but burden my tale—

In short all affairs were so happily carried,

That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they married.

But Envy grew sick when the story she heard, 101

Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;

She knew her good humour, her beauty and sweetness,  
 Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neatness;  
 From these she was sure that her man could not roam,  
 And must rise on the stage from contentment at home:  
 So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,  
 And Garrick next season will certainly burst her. 108

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM,

The Humble Petition of the Worshipful Company of  
 POETS AND NEWSWRITERS,

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT your honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,  
 And writers of scandal for mending the times)  
 By losses in business, and England's well doing,  
 Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes they humbly conceive 5  
 Arise not, from dulness, as some folks believe,  
 But from rubs in their way which your honour has laid,  
 And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their  
 And meant their last breath should go out in abuse; [use,  
 But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears) 11  
 Since your honour has sat at the helm of affairs,  
 No party will join them, no faction invite,  
 To heed what they say or to read what they write;  
 Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord, are fled, 15  
 And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—  
 In short, public business is so carry'd on,  
 That their country is sav'd and the patriots undone.

To perplex them still more, and sure famine to bring,  
 (Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting) 20  
 If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise  
 Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly entreat  
 (As the times will allow and your honour thinks meet)  
 That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint  
 Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint, 26  
 Their credit thereby and their trade to retrieve,  
 That again they may rail and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)  
 Now the parliament's rising, and business is done, 30  
 That your honour would please at this dangerous crisis,  
 To take to your bosom a few private vices,  
 By which your petitioners haply might thrive,  
 And keep both themselves and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give them something to say,  
 And your honour's petitioners ever shall pray. 36

## THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

**O** THOU for whom my lyre I string,  
 Of whom I speak, and think, and sing  
 Thou constant object of my joys,  
 Whose sweetness ev'ry wish employs,  
 Thou dearest of thy sex! attend, 5  
 And hear the lover and the friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain,  
 No idle praise my verse shall stain;  
 The lowly numbers shall impart  
 The faithful dictates of my heart, 10  
 Nor humble modesty offend,  
 And part the lover from the friend.

Not distant is the cruel day  
 That tears me from my hopes away;  
 Then frown not, fairest! if I try 15  
 To steal the moisture from your eye,  
 Or force your heart a sigh to send  
 To mourn the lover and the friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew  
 But what arose from love and you, 20  
 Nor can I fear another pain  
 Than your unkindness or disdain;  
 Then let your looks their pity lend  
 To cheer the lover and the friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame, 25  
 And suffer'd ills that want a name,  
 Yet still the painful secret kept,  
 And to myself in silence wept,

Till now unable to contend  
I own'd the lover and the friend. 30

I saw you still: your gen'rous heart  
In all my sorrows bore a part;  
Yet, while your eyes with pity glow'd,  
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,  
But mildly bid me cease to blend, 35  
The name of lover with the friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,  
I seek for happiness in vain:  
Thou, lovely maid! to thee I cry;  
Heal me with kindness, or I die! 40  
From sad despair my soul defend,  
And fix the lover and the friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy  
My utmost hope of earthly joy!  
Thy gifts, O Fortune, I resign, 45  
Let her, and Poverty, be mine!  
And ev'ry year that life shall lend  
Shall bless the lover and the friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive  
To keep a dying hope alive: 50  
The last sad remedy remains;  
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,  
Thy image from my bosom rend,  
And force the lover from the friend.

Vain thought! tho' seas between us roll, 55  
Thy love is rooted in my soul;  
The vital blood that warms my heart,  
With thy idea must depart,  
And death's decisive stroke must end  
At once the lover and the friend. 60

### THE NUN, A CANTATA.

#### RECITATIVE.

**O**F Constance holy legends tell,  
The softest sister of the cell;



None sent to heaven so sweet a cry,  
 Or roll'd at mafs so bright an eye.  
 No wanton taint her bosom knew,  
 Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,  
 Her knees were worn with midnight prayers,  
 And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

## AIR.

“ In hallow'd walks and awful cells,  
 “ Secluded from the light and vain, 10  
 “ The chaste-ey'd maid with Virtue dwells,  
 “ And solitude and silence reign.  
 “ The wanton's voice is heard not here ;  
 “ To heaven the sacred pile belongs ;  
 “ Each wall returns the whisper'd prayer, 15  
 “ And echoes but to holy songs.”

## RECITATIVE.

Alas ! that pamper'd monks should dare  
 Intrude where fainted vestals are !  
 Ah Francis, Francis ! well I weet  
 Those holy looks are all deceit. 20  
 With shame the muse prolongs her tale,  
 The priest was young, the nun was frail,  
 Devotion falter'd on her tongue,  
 Love tun'd her voice, and thus she fung :

## AIR.

“ Alas ! how deluded was I, 25  
 “ To fancy delights as I did,  
 “ With maidens at midnight to sigh,  
 “ And love, the sweet passion, forbid !  
 “ O father ! my follies forgive,  
 “ And still to absolve me be nigh ; 30  
 “ Your lessons have taught me to live,  
 “ Come teach me, O teach me ! to die.

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,  
 Her bosom half naked met his,  
 Transported in silence she hung, 35  
 And melted away at each kiss.

“ Ah father! expiring, she cry'd,  
 “ With rapture I yield up my breath !”  
 “ Ah daughter!” he fondly reply'd,  
 “ The righteous find comfort in death.”

40

## SOLOMON,

A SERENATA IN THREE PARTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE,

PART I.

CHORUS.

**B**EHOLD, Jerusalem! thy king,  
 Whose praises all the nations sing.  
 To Solomon the Lord has giv'n  
 All arts and wisdom under heav'n:  
 For him the tuneful virgin throng  
 Of Zion's daughters swell the song,  
 While young and old their voices raise,  
 And wake the echoes with his praise.

5

RECITATIVE.

**SHE.** From the mountains, lo! he comes,  
 Breathing from his lips perfumes,  
 While zephyrs on his garments play,  
 And sweets thro' all the air convey.

10

AIR.

**SHE.** Tell me, lovely shepherd! where  
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care?  
 Direct me to the sweet retreat  
 'That guards thee from the mid-day heat,  
 Left by the flocks I lonely stray  
 Without a guide, and lose my way:  
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,  
 Gentle shepherd! tell me where?

15

20

AIR.

**HE.** Fairest of the virgin throng!  
 Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?  
 See yon fertile vale, along  
 The new-worn paths the flocks have trod;  
 Pursue the prints their feet have made,  
 And they shall guide thee to the shade.

25

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whose boughs  
Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,  
Excels the trees that shade the grove,  
So shines among his sex my love.

30

## AIR.

Beneath his ample shade I lay,  
Defended from the sultry day,  
His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,  
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd,  
Till satiated with the luscious taste,  
I rose and blest the sweet repast.

35

## RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white  
To fix on meaner flowers the sight?  
Or leaves the rose's stem untorn  
To crop the blossom from the thorn?  
Unrivall'd thus thy beauties are;  
So shines my love among the fair.

40

## AIR.

Balmy sweetness ever flowing  
From her dropping lips distils,  
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,  
And her voice with music thrills.

45

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,  
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,  
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,  
Breath not half so sweet as she.

50

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his slave despise,  
Or pass me with unheeding eyes,  
Because the sun's discolouring rays  
Have chas'd the lily from my face:  
My envious sisters saw my bloom,  
And drove me from my mother's home:  
Unshelter'd all the scorching day,  
They made me in the vineyard stay.

55

## AIR.

Ah, simple me! my own, more dear,  
My own, alas! was not my care;

60

Invading love the fences broke,  
 And tore the clusters from the stock,  
 With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,  
 Nor rested till the ravage cloy'd.

## AIR.

HE. Fair and comely is my love, 65  
 And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;  
 Down her neck the wanton locks  
 Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;  
 Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem  
 New shorn, and dropping from the stream; 70  
 Her glowing lips by far outvie  
 The plaited threads of scarlet dye;  
 Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,  
 And music floats upon the sound.

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming swain! forbear, 75  
 Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear,  
 And while I gaze my bosom glows,  
 My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,  
 The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,  
 And ev'ry sense within me dies. 80

## AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl,  
 Affuage the fever in my soul!  
 With copious draughts my thirst remove,  
 And sooth the heart that's sick of love. 84

## PART II.

## RECITATIVE.

## HE.

**T**HE cheerful spring begins to-day,  
 Arise, my fair one! come away.

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet music steals along the air—  
 Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear.

## AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! and come away, 5  
 The cheerful spring begins to-day;  
 Bleak winter's gone, with all his train  
 Of chilling frosts and dropping rain;

Amidst the verdure of the mead  
 The primrose lifts her velvet head, 10  
 The warbling birds, the woods among,  
 Salute the season with a song,  
 The cooing turtle, in the grove,  
 Renews his tender tale of love,  
 The vines their infant tendrils shoot, 15  
 The figtree bends with early fruit ;  
 All welcome in the genial ray :  
 Arise, my fair! and come away.

## CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray :  
 Arise, O fair one! come away. 20

## DUET.

Together let us range the fields,  
 Impearled with the morning dew,  
 Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,  
 Or the apple's clust'ring bough ;  
 There in close-embower'd shades, 25  
 Impervious to the noontide ray,  
 By tinkling rills on rosy beds  
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

## RECITATIVE.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,  
 For pleasure form'd and sweet delight 30  
 Tall as the palm tree is thy shape,  
 Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

## AIR.

Let me, love! thy bole ascending,  
 On the swelling clusters feed,  
 With my grasp the vinetree bending, 35  
 In my close embrace shall bleed.

Stay me with delicious kisses  
 From thy honey-dropping mouth,  
 Sweeter than the summer breezes,  
 Blowing from the genial south. 40

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. O that a sister's specious name  
 Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!

Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,  
 And chasteft virgins should approve ;  
 Then fearless to my mother's bed  
 My seeming brother would I lead,  
 Soft transports should the hours employ,  
 And the deceit should crown the joy. 45

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you by the fawns,  
 That bound across the flow'ry lawns,  
 Ye virgins! that ye lightly move,  
 Nor with your whispers wake my love. 50

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair's a garden of delight,  
 Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight,  
 Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,  
 And roses deck the verdant way. 55

AIR.

Softly arise, O southern breeze!  
 And kindly fan the blooming trees,  
 Upon my spicy garden blow,  
 That sweets from ev'ry part may flow. 60

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes! gently blow,  
 That sweets from ev'ry part may flow. 62

## PART III.

AIR.

HE.

ARISE, my fair! the doors unfold,  
 Receive me shiv'ring with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,  
 And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair! the doors unfold, 5  
 Receive me shiv'ring with the cold ;  
 The chill drops hang upon my head,  
 And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread :  
 Receive me dropping to thy breast,  
 And lull me in thy arms to rest. 10

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I lie,  
The willing doors wide open fly.

## AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?  
Where is my lovely wanderer flown?  
Ye blooming virgins! as you rove, 15  
If chance you meet my straying love,  
I charge you, tell him how I mourn,  
And pant and die for his return.

## CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!  
That from thy arms so late has stray'd? 20  
Say what distinguish'd charms adorn  
And finish out his radiant form?

## AIR.

SHE. On his face the vernal rose  
Blended with the lily, glows;  
His locks are as the raven black, 25  
In ringlets waving down his back;  
His eyes with milder beauties beam  
Than billing doves beside the stream;  
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,  
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs; 30  
His lips are of the rose's hue,  
Dropping with a fragrant dew;  
Tall as the cedar he appears,  
And as erect his form he bears.  
This, O ye virgins! is the swain, 35  
Whose absence causes all my pain.

## RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet nymph! whom ruddier charms adorn  
Than open with the rosy morn,  
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,  
And as the sun in splendour bright, 40  
Thy beauties dazzle from afar,  
Like glittering arms that gild the war.

## RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me, stamp me on thy breast,  
Deep let the image be impress'd!

For love like armed death is strong, 45  
 Rudely he drags his slaves along :  
 If once to jealousy he turns,  
 With never-dying rage he burns.

## DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul,  
 O love! who shall thy pow'r control? 50  
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,  
 Thy burning heat shall still remain.  
 In vain we trace the globe, to try  
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy :  
 The treasures of the world will prove 55  
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

## CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try  
 If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy :  
 The treasures of the world will prove  
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love. 60

## A HYMN TO POVERTY.

**O** POVERTY! thou source of human art,  
 Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!  
 In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine  
 Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand  
 Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid 5  
 The canvass breathes no longer. Music's charms  
 Uninfluenc'd by thee forget to please :  
 Thou giv'st the organ sound ; by thee the flute  
 Breathes harmony ; the tuneful viol owns  
 Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine ;  
 Thou gav'st to Nicolini ev'ry grace, 11  
 And ev'ry charm to Farinelli's song.  
 By thee the lawyer pleads. The foldier's arm  
 Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,  
 And urg'd by thee unfolds heav'n's mystic truths. 15  
 The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,  
 And smiles at mischiefs which her eyes have made,  
 Thou humblest to submit and blest mankind.

Hail, pow'r omnipotent! me uninvok'd  
 Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit 20



To bear thy awful presence. O retire!  
At distance let me view thee, lest too nigh  
I sink beneath the terrors of thy face.

23

## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD,

*In the Character of a Critic with a Catcall in his Hand.*

ARE you all ready? here's your music, here\*.  
Author! sneak off; we'll tickle you, my dear.  
The fellow stopp'd me in a hellish fright—  
"Pray, Sir," says he, "must I be damn'd to-night?"  
"Damn'd! surely friend. Don't hope for our compliance;  
"Zounds, Sir! a second play's downright defiance. 6  
"Tho' once, poor rogue! we pity'd your condition,  
"Here's the true recipe for repetition."  
"Well, Sir," says he, "e'en as you please; so then  
"I'll never trouble you with plays again." 10  
"But hark ye, poet!—Won't you tho'," says I?  
"Pon honour—then we'll damn you, let me die."  
Sha'n't we, my bucks? let's take him at his word;  
Damn him, or by my soul he'll write a third.  
The man wants money I suppose—but mind ye— 15  
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.  
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!  
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!  
Besides, what men of spirit now-a-days,  
Come to give sober judgments of new plays? 20  
It argues some good nature to be quiet—  
Good nature!—ay—but then we lose a riot.  
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss;  
'Tis death to him—what then?—'tis sport to us.  
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes, 25  
The bard may find us bloods good natur'd folks,  
No crabbed critics, foes to rising merit:  
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.  
Our author aims at no dishonest ends;  
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends: 30  
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,  
So, if you like it, save it; if not—damn it. 32

\* Blowing his catcall.

## AN ELEGY,

*Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall.*

AMIDST these venerable drear remains  
Of ancient grandeur, musing sad, I stray,  
Around a melancholy silence reigns,  
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race : 5  
Aloft his mansion rose, around were seen  
Extensive gardens, deck'd with ev'ry grace,  
Ponds, walks, and groves, thro' all the seasons green.

Ah! where is now its boasted beauty fled?  
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky, 10  
And broken columns in confusion spread,  
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie.

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :  
How are these tott'ring walls by time defac'd,  
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound, 15  
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd!

In ancient times, perhaps, where now I tread,  
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,  
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread  
Her artful snares to captivate the soul. 20

Or here, attended by a chosen train  
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,  
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,  
Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns, 25  
No gay gilt chariot hither marks the way,  
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains  
At the once bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the gardens beauty fled,  
Which ev'ry clime was ransack'd to supply? 30  
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,  
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care  
 Arrang'd from op'ning blossoms shed perfume,  
 And thick with fruitage stood the pendant pear, 35  
 The ruddy colour'd peach, and glossy plum.

Extinct is all the family of flow'rs ;  
 In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,  
 Where ancient friends in converse pass'd the hours,  
 Defended from the raging Dogstar's heat. 40

Along the terrace walks are straggling seen  
 The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,  
 Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,  
 And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,  
 The mead, untill'd, a barren aspect wears, 46  
 And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,  
 O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,  
 Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood, 50  
 From far by art the stream was taught to flow,  
 Whose liquid stores supply'd th' unfailling flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,  
 Intent to captivate the scaly fry—  
 But perish'd now are all the num'rous race, 55  
 Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry,

Here then, ye great! behold th' uncertain state  
 Of earthly grandeur—Beauty, strength, and pow'r,  
 Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,  
 And flourish but the glory of an hour. 60

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,  
 Still permanent tho' ages roll away :  
 Who builds on her immortal basis rears  
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay. 64



# ODES.

## THE DISCOVERY, AN ODE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HERRY PELHAM.

-----“*Vir bonus est quis?*” *Hor.*

TAKE wing my Muse! from shore to shore  
Fly, and that happy place explore  
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;  
If yet she treads on British ground  
Where can the fugitive be found, 5  
In city, court, or cell?

Not there where wine and frantic mirth  
Unite the sensual sons of earth  
In Pleasure's thoughtless train,  
Nor yet where sanctity's a show, 10  
Where souls nor joy nor pity know  
For human bliss or pain.

Her social heart alike disowns  
The race who, shunning crowds and thrones,  
In shades sequester'd doze, 15  
Whose sloth no gen'rous care can wake,  
Who rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,  
In senseless vile repose.

With these she shuns the factious tribe  
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe 20  
And at Corruption lower,  
Waiting till Discord havock cries,  
In hopes, like Cataline, to rise  
On anarchy to pow'r!

Ye wits! who boast from ancient times 25  
A right divine to scourge our crimes,  
Is it with you she rests?  
No; int'rest, slander, are your views,  
And Virtue now, with ev'ry Muse,  
Flies your unhallow'd breasts. 30

'There was a time, I heard her say,  
Ere females were seduc'd by play,

When Beauty was her throne ;  
 But now where felt the soft desires  
 The Furies light forbidden fires, 35  
 To love and her unknown.

From these th' indignant goddess flies,  
 And where the spires of Science rise,  
 A while suspends her wing ;  
 But pedant Pride and Rage are there, 40  
 And Faction tainting all the air,  
 And pois'ning ev'ry spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way  
 The Muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,  
 And mark'd her last retreat ; 45  
 O'er Surry's barren heaths she flew,  
 Descending like the silent dew  
 On Escher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole  
 His pensive waters calmly roll 50  
 Amidst Elysian ground ;  
 There, through the windings of the grove,  
 She leads her family of love,  
 And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair, 55  
 Oft' to yon gloomy grot repair  
 Her secret steps to meet ;  
 " Nor thou," she cries, " these shades forsake,  
 " But come, lov'd consort ! come and make  
 " The husband's bliss complete." 60

Yet not too much the soothing ease  
 Of rural indolence shall please  
 My Pelham's ardent breast :  
 The man whom Virtue calls her own  
 Must stand the pillar of a throne, 65  
 And make a nation blest.

Pelham ! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal  
 To guard Britannia's public weal,  
 Attack'd on ev'ry part :

Her fatal discords to compose, 70  
 Unite her friends, disarm her foes,  
 Demands thy head and heart.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,  
 Ere yet from William's dauntless hand  
 Her barb'rous army fled ; 75  
 When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,  
 Thy voice expiring Credit heard,  
 And rais'd her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand  
 Fix'd on a rock I see her stand, 80  
 Against whose solid feet  
 In vain through ev'ry future age  
 The loudest most tempestuous rage  
 Of angry war shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of strife 85  
 Attempt to cloud thy spotless life  
 And shade its brightest scenes ;  
 Wretches ! by kindness unsubstu'd,  
 Who see, who share the common good,  
 Yet cavil at the means. 90

Like these the mytaphysic crew,  
 Proud to be singular and new,  
 Think all they see deceit,  
 Are warn'd and cherish'd by the day,  
 Feel and enjoy the heavenly ray,  
 Yet doubt of light and heat. 96

### ODE TO GARRICK,

#### UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I  
 were married. *Much Ado about Nothing.*

**N**O, no ; the left-hand box, in blue :  
 There ! don't you see her ?—" See her ! Who ?"  
 Nay, hang me if I tell.  
 There's Garrick in the music-box !  
 Watch but his eyes : see there !—" O pox ! 5  
 " Your servant, Ma'moiselle."

But, tell me David, is it true ?  
 Lord help us ! what will some folks do ?  
 How will they curse this stranger !  
 What ! fairly taken in for life !  
 A sober, serious, wedded wife !  
 O fie upon you, Ranger !

10

The clergy, too, have join'd the chat :  
 " A Papist !—has he thought of that ?  
 " Or means he to convert her ?"  
 Troth, boy ! unless your zeal be stout,  
 The nymph may turn your faith about  
 By arguments experter.

15

The ladies, pale and out of breath,  
 Wild as the witches in Macbeth,  
 Ask if the deed be done ?  
 O David ! listen to my lay,  
 I'll prophesy the things they'll say ;  
 For tongues, you know, will run.

20

" And pray what other news d'ye hear ?  
 " Marry'd !—But don't you think, my dear,  
 " He's growing out of fashion ?  
 " People may fancy what they will,  
 " But *Quin's* the only actor, still,  
 " To touch the tender passion.

25

30

" Nay, Madam, did you mind last night  
 " His Archer ? not a line on't right !  
 " I thought I heard some hisses.  
 " Good God ! if Billy Mills, thought I,  
 " Or Billy Havard, would but try,  
 " They'd beat him all to pieces.

35

" 'Twas prudent, though, to drop his Bayes—  
 " And (*entre nous*) the laureat says  
 " He hopes he'll give up Richard :  
 " But then it tickles me to see,  
 " In Hastings, such a shrimp as he  
 " Attempt to ravish Pritchard.

40

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough  
 " In—what d'ye call it ? Hoadley's stuff ;  
 " There's something there like nature : 45  
 " Just so in life he runs about,  
 " Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,  
 " But hurts no mortal creature.

" And then there's Belmont, to be sure—  
 " O ho ! my gentle Neddy Moore ! 50  
 " How does my good Lord Mayor ?  
 " And have you left Cheapside, my dear !  
 " And will you write again next year,  
 " To shew your fav'rite player ?

" But Merope, we own, is fine ; 55  
 " Eumenes charms in every line ;  
 " How prettily he vapours !  
 " So gay his dress, so young his look,  
 " One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,  
 " Or Mathews, cutting capers." 60

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,  
 And councils hold at ev'ry rout,  
 To alter all your plays ;  
 Yates shall be Benedict next year,  
 Macklin be Richard, Tafwell Lear, 65  
 And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

Two parts they readily allow  
 Are yours, but not one more they vow,  
 And thus they close their spite :  
 You will be Sir John Brute, they say, 70  
 A very Sir John Brute all day,  
 And Fribble all the night.

But tell me, fair ones, is it so ?  
 You all did love him once,\* we know ;  
 What then provokes your gall ? 75  
 Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why,  
 Quarrels may come, or madam die,  
 And then there's hope for all.

\* Julius Cæsar.



And now, a word or two remains,  
Sweet Davy, and I close my strains. 80  
Think well ere you engage;  
Vapours and ague fits may come,  
And matrimonial claims at home,  
Unnerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right, 85  
Your mind at ease, and body tight,  
Take her; you can't do better:  
A pox upon the tattling town!  
The fops that join to cry her down  
Would give their ears to get her. 90

Then if her heart be good and kind,  
(And sure that face bespeaks a mind  
As soft as woman's can be)  
You'll grow as constant as a dove,  
And taste the purer sweets of love  
Unvisited by Ranby. 96

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## SONGS.

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### SONG I.

**T**HUS I said to my heart in a pet t'other day,  
" I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;  
" No throbbings no wishes your moments employ,  
" But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy. 4  
" When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,  
" And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;  
" Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,  
" Tho' one was a jilt, and the other a whore. 8  
" When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd thro' the street,  
" Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat;  
" Or, if bang went the hoop against corner or post,  
" In the magical round you were sure to be lost. 12  
" But now, if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,  
" Like Adam unfallen, you never perceive,

- " Or the feat of delight if the tippet should hide,  
 " You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside. 16
- " Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,  
 " That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?  
 " Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad  
 " In the summer's gay season to see you so sad." 20
- " Have a care," quoth my heart, " how you tempt me  
 to stray ;  
 " He that hunts down a woman must run a d—d way ;  
 " Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with a fox,  
 " And, secure in the chase, her pursuers she mocks, 24
- " For Cloe I burnt, with an innocent flame,  
 " And beat to the music that breath'd out her name ;  
 " Three summers flew over the castles I built,  
 " And beheld me a fool, and my goddess a jilt. 28
- " Next Thais, the wanton, my wishes employ'd,  
 " And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd ;  
 " Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire, 31  
 " But unlike him was scorch'd, and compell'd to retire.
- " Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,  
 " And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd, again ;  
 " Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a shoe,  
 " Ever pass'd you by day-light but at it I flew. 36
- " Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,  
 " For rest I retreated again to be whole,  
 " But your eyes, ever open to lead me astray,  
 " Have beheld a new face, and command me away. 40
- " But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,  
 " 'Twill be folly to ask for, or wish my return ;  
 " Neither Thais nor Cloe again shall inflame, [name."  
 " But a nymph more provoking than all you can
- This said, with a bound from my bosom he flew ; 45  
 O, Phillis ! these eyes saw him posting to you :  
 Enslav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,  
 And vows I shall never possess him again. 48

## SONG II.

COLIN.

**B**E still, Oh ye winds! and attentive ye swains!  
 'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains;  
 The sun never rose on, search all the world through,  
 A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true. [me throng!

**PHEB.** Glide softly ye streams! O ye nymphs round  
 'Tis Colin commands, and attends to my song; 6  
 Search all the world over you never can find  
 A maiden so blest or a shepherd so kind.

**BOTH.** 'Tis love like the sun, that gives light to the  
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear; [year,  
 Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away, 11  
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

**COL.** With Phebe beside me, the seasons how gay!  
 Then winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May;  
 The summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads,  
 And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

**PHEB.** When Colin is absent 'tis winter all round,  
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground,  
 Instead of the linnet's and nightingale's song,  
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long. 20

**BOTH.** 'Tis love like the sun, &c.

**COL.** O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I  
 Together will wander, and Love shall be by;  
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the long day,  
 And Phebe, at night, all his pains shall repay. 25

**PHEB.** By moonlight, when shadows glide over the  
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain; [plain,  
 The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,  
 Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

**BOTH.** 'Tis love like the sun, &c. 30

**COL.** Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,  
 How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!  
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,  
 And learn to be happy of Phebe and me. [try'd,

**PHEB.** Ye nymphs! who the pleasures of love never  
 Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide; 36

Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,  
And learn to be happy of Colin and me.

BORN. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the  
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear, [year,  
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,  
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day. 42

## SONG III.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,  
Went forth to the meadows a Maying,  
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep  
That round in meanders was straying. 4

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,  
Her heart it was gone without warning,  
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose, wet with dew,  
Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning. 8

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,  
Her wishes too warm for disguising;  
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprise,  
And blush'd like the sun at his rising. 12

She sung him a song, as he lean'd on his prong,  
And rest'd her arm on his shoulder;  
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,  
And taught his two arms to enfold her. 16

The rustic, grown kind by a kiss, told his mind,  
And call'd her his dear and his blessing;  
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolic'd, and play'd,  
And what they did more there's no guessing. 20

## SONG IV.

HE.

LET rakes for pleasure range the Town,  
Or misers dote on golden guineas,  
Let Plenty smile, or Fortune frown,  
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wanton maids indulge desire,  
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is! 5

The joys of virtue never tire,  
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH. Together let us sport and play,  
And live in pleasure where no sin is; 10

The priest shall tie the knot to-day,  
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,  
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;  
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd 15  
The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,  
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry,  
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,  
And chides too late her faithless Harry. 20

BOTH. But we'll together, &c.

HE. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,  
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,  
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,  
And ev'ry joy be mine and Jenny's. 25

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,  
The constant heart is always bonny;  
Content, and Peace, and sweet Delight,  
And Love, shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH. Together still we'll sport and play, 30  
And live in pleasure where no sin is;  
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,  
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's, 33

### SONG V.

STAND round my brave boys! with heart and with  
And all in full chorus agree! (voice,  
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,  
And let the world know we'll be free. 4

#### CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shout we draw nigh,  
And Echo shall victory ring;  
Then, safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,  
And chorus it Long live the King! 8

'Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our  
 And plenty and peace bleſs the Iſle; [thore,  
 The peaſant ſhall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,  
 And reap the ſweet fruits of his toil. 12

CHORUS. Then rebels, &c.

Kind love ſhall repay the fatigues of the day,  
 And melt us to ſofter alarms;  
 Coy Phillis ſhall burn at her ſoldier's return  
 And bleſs the brave youth in her arms. 17

CHORUS.

The rebels ſhall fly as with ſhouts we draw nigh,  
 And Echo ſhall victory ring;  
 Then, ſafe from alarms, we'll reſt on our arms,  
 And chorus it Long live the King! 21

## SONG VI.

**T**O make the wife kind, and to keep the houſe ſtill,  
 You muſt be of her mind let her ſay what ſhe will;  
 In all that ſhe does you muſt give her her way,  
 For tell her ſhe's wrong and you lead her aſtray. 4

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, take care! of ſuſpicions beware,  
 Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;  
 With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves  
 As to make, by your jealousy, horns for yourſelves. 8

### II.

Abroad all the day if ſhe chuſes to roam,  
 Seem pleas'd with her abſence, ſhe'll ſigh to come home;  
 The man ſhe likes beſt and longs moſt to get at  
 Be ſure to commend, and ſhe'll hate him for that. 12

CHORUS. Then huſbands! &c.

### III.

What virtues ſhe has you may ſafely oppoſe;  
 Whatever her follies are, praiſe her for thoſe;  
 Applaud all her ſchemes that ſhe lays for a man;  
 For, accuſe her of vice, and ſhe'll ſin if ſhe can. 17

CHORUS.

hen, huſbands, take care, of ſuſpicion beware,  
 our wives may be true if you fancy they are;

With confidence trust them, and be not such elves  
As to make, by your jealousy, horns for themselves.

## SONG VII.

DAMON.

**H**ARK, hark ! o'er the plains, how th' merry bells  
Asleep while my charmer is laid ; [ring,  
The village is up, and the day on the wing,  
And Phillis may yet die a maid. 4

PHIL. 'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away ;  
O Damon ! I'm young and afraid :  
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,  
But let me to-night lie a maid. 8

DAM. The bridemaids are met, and mamma's on the  
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid : (fret ;  
Come, open the door, and deny me no more,  
Nor cry to live longer a maid. 12

PHIL. Dear shepherd forbear, and to-morrow, I  
To-morrow I'll not be afraid : [I swear,  
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,  
Nor cry to live longer a maid. 16

DAM. No, no, Phillis, no ; on that bosom of snow  
To-night shall your shepherd be laid :  
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,  
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid. 20

PHIL. Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before !  
His bliss silly Damon delay'd ;  
To church let us go, and if there I say no,  
Oh then let me die an old maid. 24

## SONG VIII.

**T**HAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my  
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ; [pride,  
I dwell on her praises wherever I go :  
They say I'm in love, but I answer, no, no. 4

At evening, oft times, with what pleasure I see  
A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"  
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !  
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no. 8

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,  
 Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny! again  
 I kiss her soft lips as if there I could grow,  
 And fear I'm in love though I answer no, no. 12

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee:  
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:  
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:  
 Who knows but she loves tho' she tells me no, no. 16

Yet, such is my temper, so dull am I grown,  
 I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own:  
 Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,  
 And wish to persuade while I answer no, no. 20

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why  
 Should Prudence advise and compel me to fly?  
 Thy bounties, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,  
 And let me deserve her, or still I say no. 24

### SONG IX.

**Y**OU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true'  
 And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too,  
 That my lips are as red as the rosebud in June,  
 And my voice, like the nightingale, sweetly in tune:  
 All this has been told me by twenty before,  
 But he that would win me must flatter me more. 6

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,  
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!  
 My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,  
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring:  
 For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er:  
 To love me for life you must love me for more. 12

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,  
 For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there:  
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,  
 And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day;  
 For that if you love me your flame shall be true,  
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too. 18



## SONG X.

**H**OW blest has my time been ; what days have I  
known !

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own !  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain. 4

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play ;  
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me. 8

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen  
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green ;  
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles. 12

What, though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,  
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through ;  
Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth. 16

Ye shepherds so gay ! who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair,  
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !  
To hold it for life you must find it at home. 20

## SONG XI.

**H**ARK, hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb ;  
" Come, Lucy," it cries, " come away !  
" The grave of thy Colin has room  
" To rest thee beside his cold clay."  
" I come, my dear shepherd ! I come ; 5  
" Ye friends and companions adieu :  
" I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
" To die on his bosom so true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung  
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose, 10  
And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
Where Colin's pale ashes repose :

All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
 While stormy winds over her blew, 15  
 And night ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Colin!" she cry'd,  
 "How long must thy Lucy complain?  
 "How long shall the grave my love hide?  
 "How long ere it join us again? 20  
 "For thee thy fond shepherdes liv'd,  
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly,  
 "For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,  
 "For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear 25  
 "Thy Lucy was once to her swain,  
 "Her face, like the lily so fair,  
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain!  
 "The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,  
 "That face and those eyes charm no more, 30  
 "And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
 "To death shall her Colin deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,  
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air, 35  
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.  
 "I hear the kind call, and obey;  
 "Oh Colin! receive me," she cried;  
 Then, breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
 She hung on his tombstone and died. 40

### SONG XII.

**F**OR a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mein,  
 Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green,  
 But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,  
 Those her beauties invited her pride would destroy. 4  
 By the flocks as she stray'd, with the nymphs of the vale,  
 Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;  
 Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain, [dain.  
 And return'd with neglect what she heard with dis-

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,  
 And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies ;  
 The nymph, cur'd by time of her folly and pride,  
 Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd. 12

No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,  
 To kill, with her coyness, the languishing swain ;  
 So humbled her pride is, so soften'd her mind,  
 That, tho' courted by none, she to all would be kind.

## SONG XIII.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,  
 And I believ'd him true,  
 The moments of delight how sweet !  
 But, ah ! how swift they flew !  
 The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale, 5  
 The garden, and the grove,  
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,  
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,  
 He left her to complain,  
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,  
 And measure time by pain.  
 But heaven will take the mourner's part,  
 In pity to despair,  
 And the last sigh that rends the heart  
 Shall waft the spirit there. 1 6

FINIS.



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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
S. JOHNSON, LL. D.  
WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Cooke's Edition.

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Transcendant genius, whose prolific vein  
Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain,  
To whom Apollo opens all his store,  
And ev'ry Muse presents her sacred lore;  
Say, powerful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught  
With so much grace, such energy of thought;  
Whether thy *Juvenal* instructs the age  
In chaster numbers, and new-points his rage;  
Or fair *Irene* sees, alas, too late,  
Her innocence exchange'd for guilty state:  
Whate'er you write, in every golden line  
Sublimity and elegance combine;  
Thy nervous phrase impresses every soul,  
While harmony gives rapture to the whole.

*Mr. Murphy's Poetical Epistle to Johnson,*

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PROLOGUES.

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EPITAPHS.

&c. &c. &c.

---

Nor was his energy confin'd alone  
To friends around his philosophic throne;  
His influence wide improv'd our letter'd isle,  
And lucid vigour mark'd the general style:  
As Nile's proud waves, swoln from their oozy bed,  
First o'er the neighb'ring mead majestic spread;  
Till, gath'ring force, they more and more expand,  
And with due virtue fertilize the land.

*Mr. Courtenay's Poetical Review.*

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LIFE OF  
DR. JOHNSON, L. L. D.

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THERE is not perhaps in the whole annals of literature, a life which has afforded more events for the detail of the biographer, than that of the very extraordinary character, which is the subject of the following memoirs. As it is natural that the merits and demerits, personal and literary, of a man so eminently distinguished in the departments of biography and criticism as Johnson, should attract the notice and call forth the exertions of numerous writers; it is not to be accounted singular, that besides several slight sketches of his life taken by unknown authors, both favorable and copious narratives should have been presented to the world by Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Tyers, Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Towers, and Mr. Arthur Murphy; who from their intimate acquaintance with him, were enabled to write from personal knowledge. These several writers, by representing his character in different lights, contrasting his virtues with his faults, and displaying in a variety of anecdotes and incidents, the strength of his mind and the poignancy of his wit, have greatly contributed to the instruction and entertainment of those who are particularly inclined to the reading of biography. Amongst the number specified, the publications of Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Boswell being more elaborately composed, claim a pre-eminence over the rest, and entitle their authors to the appellation of his biographers; while the accounts of the others being compressed by abridgment, are more properly denominated 'Biographical Sketches,' 'Anecdote,' and 'Essays'—The major part of the facts related in the present account, have therefore of course been taken from the narratives of the before mentioned biographers, with the additions of such particulars, as other narratives have been found to supply.

Samuel Johnson was the eldest son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller at Litchfield, in which city this great man was born, on the 7th of September 1709. His mother, Sarah Ford, was the sister of Dr. Joseph Ford, an eminent physician and father of Cornelius Ford, chaplain to Lord

Chesterfield, supposed to be the parson in Hogarth's 'Modern Midnight Conversation'—a man of great parts, but profligate manners.—Mrs. Ford was a woman of distinguished understanding, prudence and piety.

As something extraordinary is often related of the infant state of a great genius, we are told by Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins, that at the age of three years Johnson trod by accident upon one of a brood of eleven ducks, and killed it, and upon that occasion made the following verses.

Here lies good master duck,  
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on.  
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,  
For then we'd had an *old one*.

But very extraordinary must be that credulity, that can admit of these verses being the production of a child of such an early age; credulity however is relieved from the burthen of doubt by Johnson's having himself assured Mr. Boswell, that they were made by his father who wished them to pass for his son's. He added, 'my father was a foolish old man, that is to say, foolish in talking of his children.'

Johnson was initiated in classical learning at the free school of his native city, under the tuition of Mr. Hunter, and having afterwards resided some time at the house of his cousin Cornelius Ford, who assisted him in the classics, he was by his advice at the age of fifteen removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master, whom he has described as 'a very able man, but an idle man; and to him unreasonably severe.'—Parson Ford he has described in his life of Tonten. as 'a clergyman at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and the dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise.'

On the 31st of October 1728, he was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, being then in his nineteenth year. Of his tutor Mr. Jourden, he gave the following account. 'He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instruction; indeed I did not attend him much.' He had however, a love and respect for Jourden, not for his literature, but  
for

for his worth. 'Whenever,' said he, 'a young man becomes Jourden's pupil, he becomes his son.'

In the year 1730, Mr. Corbet a young gentleman whom Johnson had accompanied to Oxford as a companion, left the University, and his father, to whom according to the account of Sir John Hawkins, Johnson trusted for support, declined contributing any farther to that purpose; and as his father's business was by no means lucrative, his remittances were consequently too small to supply even the deficiencies of external appearance. Thus unfortunately situated, he was under the necessity of quitting the University without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years. This was a circumstance which in the subsequent part of his life he had occasion to regret, as an obstacle to his obtaining a settlement, whence he might have derived that subsistence which he could not procure by any other means.

In December 1731, his father died, in the 79th year of his age, in very narrow circumstances, so that for present support, he condescended to accept the employment of usher, in the free grammar-school at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, which he relinquished in a short time, and went to reside at Birmingham, where he derived considerable benefit from several of his literary productions.

Notwithstanding the apparent austerity of his temper, he was by no means insensible to the power of female charms; when at Stourbridge school he was much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to whom he addressed a copy of verses. In 1735 he became the warm admirer of Mrs. Porter, widow of Mr. Henry Porter, mercer in Birmingham. 'It was,' he said, 'a love match on both sides,' and judging from a description of their persons, we must suppose that the passion was not inspired by the beauties of form or graces of manner; but by a mutual admiration of each others minds. Johnson's appearance is described as very forbidding. 'He was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended at once to excite surprise and ridicule.' Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner as

described by Garrick were by no means pleasing to others. 'She was,' he says, 'very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance. Her swelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; she was glaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behaviour.' It was beyond a doubt, however, that whatever her real charms might have been, in the eye of her husband she was extremely beautiful, for in her epitaph he has recorded her as such, and given many instances in his writings of a sincere and permanent affection.

With the property he acquired with his wife, which is supposed to have amounted to about 800*l.* he attempted to establish a boarding school for young gentlemen at Edial, near Litchfield; but the plan proved abortive, the only pupils put under his care, were Garrick, the celebrated English Rokinus, his brother George, and a Mr. Offely a young gentleman of good fortune, who died early.\* Disappointed in his expectation of deriving a subsistence from the establishment of a boarding school, he set out on the 2d of March, 1737, being then in the 28th year of his age, for London; and it is a memorable circumstance, that his pupil Garrick went there at the same time, with an intention to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law. They were recommended to Mr. Colson, master of the mathematical school at Rochester, by a letter from a friend, who mentions the joint expectation of these two eminent men to the metropolis in the following manner.

'This young gentleman and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel Johnson, set out this morning together for London. Davy Garrick is to be with you early next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and endeavour to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar, and I have great hopes he will turn out a fine tragedy writer.' In London he found it necessary to practise the most rigid œconomy, and his *Osellus* in the *Art of Living in London*, is the real character of an Irish painter,

\* About this time he was assiduously engaged in his tragedy called *Irene*, with which his friends were so well pleased that they advised him to proceed with it. It is founded upon a passage in Smollet's *History of the Turks*, a book which he afterwards highly praised and recommended in the *Rambler*.



who initiated him in the mode of living cheaply in London. Here he experienced the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Hervey, one of the branches of the Bristol family; and ever after retained a grateful sense of the services he rendered him. Not very long before his death, he thus described this early friend, 'Harry Hervey, he was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog *Hervey* I shall love him.'

In three months after he came to London, his tragedy being as he thought completely finished, and fit for the stage, he solicited Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre to bring it out at his house; but Mr. Fleetwood declined receiving it. Soon after he was employed by Mr. Cave, as a co-adjutor in his magazine, which for some years was his principal resource for support. His first performance in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was a Latin Ode, *Ad Urbanum*, in March 1738; a translation of which by an unknown correspondent appeared in the Magazine for May following.

At this period the misconduct and misfortunes of Savage had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness, as a writer for bread; and his visits at St. John's Gate, where the 'Gentleman's Magazine' was originally printed, naturally brought Johnson and him together, and as they both possessed great abilities, and were equally under the pressure of want, they had naturally a fellow feeling; so that in a short time the strictest intimacy subsisted between them. Johnson mentioned to Sir Joshua Reynolds some of their whimsical adventures in an early life, and in his writings describes Savage as having a 'graceful and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which upon a nearer acquaintance softened into an engaging easiness of manners.' How much he admired his friend Savage, for that knowledge of letters which he himself so much cultivated, and what kindness he entertained for him is evident, from some verses he wrote for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for April 1738.

About the same time he became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Carter, the learned translator of *Epicætetus*, to whom he shewed particular tokens of respect, and in the same magazine complimented her in an *Ænigma* to Eliza, both in Greek and Latin. He writes Mr. Cave, 'I think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis Le Grand.'

In May 1738, he published his *London, a Poem*, written in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. It has been generally said that he offered it to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it. Mr. Cave at length communicated it to Doddsley, who had judgment enough to discern its intrinsic merit, and thought it creditable to be concerned in it. Doddsley gave him ten pounds for the copy. It is remarkable that it came out on the same morning with Pope's Satire, entitled 'One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight.' Pope was so struck with its merit, that he sought to discover the author, and prophesied his future fame, and from his note to Lord Gower, it seems that he was successful in his enquiries. From a short extract in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, it appears that the poem got to the second edition in the space of a week. Indeed this admirable production laid the foundation of Johnson's fame.

In the course of his engagement with Cave, he composed the *Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia*, the first number of which appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for June 1738, sometimes with feigned names of the several speakers, with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, so that they might be easily decyphered. Parliament then kept the press in a kind of mysterious awe, which rendered it necessary to have recourse to such devices. The debates for some time were taken and digested by Guthrie, and afterwards sent by Mr. Cave to Johnson for revision: when Guthrie afterwards was engaged in a diversity of employment, and the speeches were more enriched by the accession of Johnson's genius; it was resolved that he should do the whole himself from notes furnished by persons employed to attend in both houses of parliament. His sole composition of them began November 19, 1740, and ended February 23d, 1742-3. From that time they were written by Hawkesworth to the year 1760.

He derived however, so little emolument from his literary productions, that notwithstanding the success of his *London*, he was willing to accept of an offer made him of becoming master of a free school, at a salary of sixty pounds a year; but as the statutes of the school required that he should be a Master of Arts, he was under the necessity of declining it. It is said of Pope to his honour, that without any knowledge of Johnson but from his *London*, he recom-  
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mended him to Lord Gower, who by a letter to a friend of Swift endeavoured to procure him a degree from Trinity College Dublin; but the expedient failed, and it is supposed that Swift declined to interfere in the business; to which circumstance Johnson's known dislike to Swift has been often imputed.

Thus disappointed, he was under the necessity of persevering in that course into which he was forced, and therefore resumed his design of translating Father Paul's *History of the Council of Trent* in two volumes quarto, which were announced in the 'Weekly Miscellany, Oct. 21st, 1738. Though twelve sheets of this translation were printed off, Johnson was unfortunately frustrated in his design; for it happened that another Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martin in the Fields, and curate of that parish, had engaged in the same undertaking, under the patronage of the learned Dr. Pearce, the consequence of which was an opposition, that destroyed the productive effects of both the works.

In the same year he took part in the opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and published a pamphlet entitled, *Marmor Norfolkense* by *Probus Britannicus*, in which he inveighed against the Brunswick succession and the measures of government consequent upon it, with the most intemperate zeal, and pointed sarcasm. Sir John Hawkins says, that the jacobite principles inculcated in this pamphlet aroused the vigilance of the ministry, and that a warrant was issued and messengers employed to apprehend the author, who it seems was known; but that he eluded their search, by retiring to an obscure lodging in Lambeth Marsh. Mr. Boswell denies the authenticity of this story, alledging that Mr. Steele, one of the secretaries of the treasury, had directed every possible search to be made in the records of the treasury, and secretary of state's office; but could find no trace of any warrant having been issued to apprehend the author of this pamphlet.

This jacobitical production obtained the sanction of the Tory party in general, and of Pope in particular, as appears from the following note concerning Johnson, copied with minute exactness by Mr. Boswell from the original, in the possession of Dr. Percy.

'This [*London*] is imitated by one Johnson, who put up for a public school in Shropshire, but was disappointed,  
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He has an infirmity of the convulsive kind, that attacks him sometimes, so as to make him a sad spectacle. Mr. P. from the merit of this work, which was all the knowledge he had of him, endeavoured to serve him without his own application, and wrote to my Lord Gower, but did not succeed. Mr. Johnson published afterwards another poem in Latin, with notes, the whole very humorous, called the '*Norfolk Prophecy.*'

At the close of the year 1739, the friends of Savage commiserating his case, raised a subscription to enable that unfortunate genius to retire to Swansea; by which means Johnson was parted from his companion, and exempted from many temptations to dissipation and licentiousness, in which he indulged from his attachment to his friend, though contrary to the gravity of his own temper and disposition.

In the years 1740, 41, 42, and 43, he furnished for the '*Gentleman's Magazine,*' a variety of publications, besides the Parliamentary Debates. Among these were the lives of several eminent men; an essay on the account of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, then the popular topic of conversation; and an advertisement for Osborne, concerning the '*Bibliotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford.*'—This was afterwards prefixed to the first volume of the catalogue, in which the Latin account of books was written by him. Mr. Osborne purchased the library for 13,000*l.* a sum which Mr. Oldys says in one of his manuscripts was not more than the binding of the books had cost, yet the slowness of the sale was such, that there was not much gained by it. It has been confidently related with many embellishments, that Johnson knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. Johnson himself relates it differently to Mr. Boswell, '*Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.*' This anecdote has been told to prove Johnson's ferocity; but the matter has been palliated by the friends of Johnson, who imputed it to the arrogant behaviour of the bookseller.

In 1744, he produced the *Life of Savage*, which he had announced his intention of writing in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for August 1743. This work did him infinite honour; being no sooner published, than the following liberal commendation was given of it by Fielding in the '*Cham.*'

'Champion,' which was copied into the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for April, and confirmed by the approbation of the public.

'This pamphlet is, without flattery to its author, as just and well-written a piece, as any of its kind I ever saw. It is certainly penned with equal accuracy and spirit; of which I am so much the better judge, as I know many of the facts to be strictly true, and very fairly related. It is a very amusing and withal a very instructive and valuable performance. The author's observations are short, significant and just, and his narrative remarkably smooth, and well disposed. His reflections open to all the recesses of the human heart; and in a word, a more just or pleasant, a more engaging, or a more instructive treatise in all the excellencies and defects of human nature, is scarce to be found in our own, or perhaps any other language.'—

Johnson, great as his abilities confessedly were, had now lived half his days to very little purpose; he had toiled and laboured, yet as he himself expresses it, it was 'to provide for the day that was passing over him.' Sir John Hawkins has preserved a list of literary projects of no less than thirty-nine articles, which he had formed in the course of his studies; but such was his want of encouragement, or the versatility of his temper, that not one of all those projects was ever executed. He now formed a plan for a new edition of Shakespeare; but in this he was anticipated by Warburton, of whose competency for the undertaking the public had then a very high opinion. The preparatory pamphlet however, which Johnson had published upon the occasion, was highly commended by that supercilious churchman, who spoke of it as the work of a man of great parts and genius. Johnson ever acknowledged the obligation with gratitude, 'He praised me,' said he, 'at a time when praise was of value to me.'

In 1746 he formed and digested the plan of his great philological work, which might then be well esteemed one of the desiderata of English literature: It was announced to the public in 1747, in a pamphlet entitled 'The Plan of a Dictionary of the English language, addressed to the Right Honorable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.' The hint of undertaking this work is said to have been first suggested to Johnson by Doddsley, who contracted with him  
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for the execution of it in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messrs. Longman and the two Messrs. Knapton. The price stipulated was 1575*l*. The cause of its being inscribed to Lord Chesterfield is thus related: 'I had neglected,' said Johnson, 'to write it by the time appointed. Doddsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for the delay, that it might be better done, and let Doddsley have his desire.'

To enable him to complete this vast undertaking, he hired a house, fitted up one of the upper rooms after the manner of a counting house, and employed six amanuenses there in transcribing. The words partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them; he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the several passages with a black lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced.

His fortunate pupil Garrick having in the course of this year become joint patentee and manager of Drury Lane theatre, Johnson furnished him with a prologue at the opening of it, which for just and manly criticism, as well as poetical excellence, is unrivalled in that species of composition.

In 1748, he formed a club that met at a chop-house in Ivy Lane every Tuesday evening, with a view to enjoy literary discussion, and the pleasure of animated relaxation. They used to dispute about the moral sense and the fitness of things, but Johnson was not uniform in his opinions, contending as often for victory as for truth. This inclination prevailed with him throughout life.

The year following he published 'The Vanity of Human Wishes, being the tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated,' with his name. This poem is characterized by profound reflection, more than pointed spirit. It has however been always held in high esteem. The instances of the variety of disappointments are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, that the moment they are read, they bring conviction to every thinking mind.

The same year his tragedy of *Irene*, which had long been kept back for want of encouragement, appeared upon the stage

stage at Drury Lane, through the kindness of his friend Garrick. Previous to the representation a violent altercation took place between the author and the manager. Johnson, like too many authors, little acquainted with stage effect, pertinaciously rejected the advice of Garrick, and would by no means submit his lines to the critical amputation of the manager, till at length through the interference of a friend to both parties, he gave way to the proposed alterations, at least in part; and the tragedy was produced. Before the curtain was drawn up, Johnson's friends were alarmed by the whistling of cat-calls; but the prologue, written by the author in a manly strain, soothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably well till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out—'Murder! murder!'—She several times attempted to speak, but in vain: at last she was obliged to go off the stage alive. This passage was afterwards struck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes, no doubt at the suggestion of Mr. Garrick, to which if the author had attended in time, his compliance might have saved his play. However it is said that he acquiesced without a murmur in the unfavourable decision of the public upon his tragedy, and it appears he was convinced that dramatic writing was not his fort, as he was never known to have made another effort in that species of composition.

On the 20th of March 1750, he published the first paper of the *Rambler*, and continued it without interruption every Tuesday and Friday till the 17th of March 1752, when it closed. In carrying on this periodical publication he seems neither to have courted, nor to have met with much assistance; the papers contributed by others amounting only to five in number. These admirable essays we are told by Mr. Boswell, were written in haste, just as they were wanted for the press, without ever being read over by him before they were printed. The *Rambler* was not successful as a periodical work, not more than five hundred copies of any one number having been ever sold. Soon after the first folio edition was concluded, it was published in four octavo volumes, and the author lived to see a just tribute of approbation paid to its merit in the extensiveness of its sale; ten numerous editions of it having been printed in  
London,

London, before his death, besides those in Ireland and Scotland.

Sir John Hawkins relates that in the spring of 1751, he indulged himself in a frolic of midnight revelling. This was to celebrate the birth-day of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, the novel of 'Harriet Stuart.' He drew the members of the Ivy Lane club, and others, to the number of twenty, to the Devil tavern, where Mrs. Lennox and her husband met them. Johnson, after an invocation of the muses, and some other ceremonies of his own invention, invested the authoress with a laurel crown. The festivity was protracted till morning, and Johnson throughout the night was a Bacchanalian without the use of wine.

Though his circumstances at this time were far from being easy; he received as a constant visitor at his house, Miss Anna Williams, daughter of a Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, who had just lost her sight. She had contracted a close intimacy with his wife, and after her death she had an apartment from him at all times when he had a house. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit which produced 200*l.* She afterwards published a quarto volume of miscellanies, and thereby increased her little stock to 300*l.* This, and Johnson's protection supported her during the rest of her life.

In 1752 he lost his wife, after a cohabitation of seventeen years, and in this melancholy event felt the most poignant distress. In the interval between her death and burial he composed a funeral sermon for her which was never preached, but being given to a friend, it has been published since his death. The following authentic and artless account of his situation after his wife's death was given to Mr. Boswell, by Francis Barber, his faithful negro-servant, who was brought from Jamaica by Colonel Bathurst, father of his friend Doctor Bathurst, and came into his family about a fortnight after the dismal event.

'He was in great affliction, Miss Williams was then living in his house, which was in Gough Square. He was busy with his dictionary; Mr. Shiels and some others of the gentlemen who had written for him, used to come about him. He had then little for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress. The friends who visited him at that time were chiefly Dr. Bathurst, and Mr. Diamond an apothecary, in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, with whom



whom he and Miss Williams generally dined every Sunday. There were also Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Mrs. Masters, the poetess who lived with Mrs. Cave, Mr. Carter, and sometimes Mrs. Macaulay; Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, Mr. Millar, Mr. Doddsley, Mr. Payne, Mr. Strahan, the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell and Mr. Garrick.' Johnson seems to have sought a remedy for the deprivation of domestic society in the loss of his wife, in the company of this circle of his acquaintance, who conceived for him the most sincere veneration and esteem.

Soon after the *Rambler* ceased, Dr. Hawkesworth projected the *Adventurer*, in conjunction with Bonnel Thornton, Dr. Bathurst, and others. The first number was published 7th November, 1752, and the paper continued twice a week till March 9th, 1754. Thornton's assistance was soon withdrawn, and he set up a new paper in conjunction with Colman called the *Connaisseur*. Johnson was zealous for the success of the *Adventurer*, which was at first rather more popular than the *Rambler*. He engaged the assistance of Dr. Warton, whose admirable essays were well known. Johnson began to write in the *Adventurer* April 10th, 1753, marking his papers with the Signature T. His price was two guineas for each paper. Of all the papers he wrote he gave both the fame and the profit to Dr. Bathurst. Indeed the latter wrote them, while Johnson dictated; tho' he considered it as a point of honour not to own them. He even used to say he did not *write* them, on the pretext that he *dictated* them only, allowing himself by this casuistry to be accessory to the propagation of falsehood, though his conscience had been hurt by even the appearance of imposition in writing the Parliamentary Debates. This year he wrote for Mrs. Lennox the 'Dedication to the Earl of Orrery,' of her *Shakespeare illustrated* in two volumes 12mo.

The death of Mr. Cave, January the 10th, 1754, afforded Johnson an opportunity of shewing his regard for his early patron by writing his life, which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for February; in the end of July he found leisure to make an excursion to Oxford for the purpose of consulting the libraries there. 'He stayed,' says Mr. Warton, 'about five weeks, but he did not collect any thing in the libraries for his dictionary.'

As the arduous work of the dictionary drew towards a conclusion, Lord Chesterfield, who had treated Johnson

with great contempt; now meanly condescended to court a reconciliation with him, in hopes of being immortalized in a dedication. With this view he wrote two essays in the "World," in praise of the dictionary, and according to Sir John Hawkins, sent Sir Thomas Robinson to him for the same purpose. But Johnson rejected the advances of the noble Lord, and spurned his proferred patronage, in the following letter, which is worthy of being preserved, as it affords the noblest lesson to both patrons and authors that stands upon record in the annals of literary history.

' I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World," that two papers in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be distinguished is an honour, which being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

' When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered like the rest of mankind by your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

' Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

' The Shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

' Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed  
till

till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it: I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations, where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

‘ Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

*My Lord, your's, &c. &c.*

Johnson however acknowledged, to a friend, that he once received ten pounds from Lord Chesterfield; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was. Lord Chesterfield read the letter to Doddsley with an air of indifference, smiled at the several passages, and observed how well they were expressed. He excused his neglect of Johnson, by saying that he had heard he had changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived, and declared he would have turned off the best servant he ever had, if he knew that he had denied him to a man who would have been always more than welcome. Of Lord Chesterfield's general affability and easiness of access, especially to literary men, the evidence is unquestionable; but of the character which he gave of Johnson in his letters to his son, and the difference in their manners, little union or friendship could be looked for between them. Certain it is however, that Johnson remained under an obligation to his lordship to the value of ten pounds.

Though he failed in an attempt, at an early period of life, to obtain the degree of Master of Arts; the university of Oxford, a short time before the publication of his dictionary, in anticipation of the excellence of the work, and at the solicitation of his friend Mr. Warton, unanimously presented it to him; and it was considered as an honour of considerable importance in the introduction of the work to the notice of the public.

At length in the month of May 1754, appeared his ‘ Dictionary of the English Language, with an History of the Language, and an English Grammar, in two volumes,

folio.' It was received by the learned world, who had long wished for its appearance, with a degree of applause, proportionable to the impatience which the promise of it had excited. Though we may believe him in the declaration at the end of his preface, that he dismissed it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise; there cannot be a doubt but that he was highly gratified by the reputation it acquired both at home and abroad. The Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, presented it to the *Accademia della Crusca*. The academy sent Johnson their *Vocabulario*, and the French Academy sent him their *Dictionnaire* by Mr. Langton.

Johnson, as though he had foreseen some of the circumstances which would attend the publication of this arduous work, observes, 'A few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there can never be wanting some who distinguish desert.' Among those who amused themselves and the public on this occasion, Mr. Wilkes, in an essay printed in the public advertiser, ridiculed the following passage in the *Grammar*, 'H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable.' The remark is certainly too definite; but the author never altered the passage. Dr. Kenrick threatened an attack, several years after, in his Review of Johnson's Shakespeare, but it was never carried into execution. *Campbell's Lexiphanes*, published in 1767, and *Callender's Deformities of Dr. Johnson*, in 1782, may have some point and tendency to risibility, but in the opinion of a scholar must be insignificant and nugatory. It would be doing injustice to the memory of his old friend and pupil Garrick, to omit the following epigram, with which he complimented our learned author on the first appearance of his dictionary. It is happily allusive to the ill success of the forty members of the French Academy employed in settling their language.

'Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance  
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;  
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,  
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men;  
In the deep mines of science, tho' Frenchmen may toil,  
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, and  
Boyle? Let

Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their powers,  
 Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours;  
 First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,  
 Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;  
 In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,  
 Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;  
 And Johnson well-armed like a hero of yore,  
 Has beat *forty* French, and will beat forty more.'

Our author having spent, during the progress of his laborious work, the money for which he had contracted to execute it, was still under the necessity of exerting his talents, as he himself expresses it, in making provision for the day that was passing over him. The subscriptions taken in for his edition of Shakespeare, and the profits of his miscellaneous essays, were now his principal resource for subsistence; and it appears from the following letter to Mr. Richardson, dated Gough Square, March 16, 1756, that they were not sufficient to ward off the distress of an arrest on a particular emergency.

'I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings; Mr. Strahan from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you could be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations.' In the margin of this letter there is a memorandum in these words.—'March 16, 1756. Sent six guineas, Witness William Richardson.'

The same year he engaged to superintend, and contribute largely, to another monthly publication, entitled—'The Literary Magazine, or Universal Review.' For this periodical work, he wrote original essays, and critical reviews: his essays evince extensive reading and sound judgment: some of his reviews are short accounts of the productions noticed, but many of them are examples of elaborate criticism in the most masterly style. About this period he was offered by a particular friend, a church living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, if he would take orders and accept it; but he chose to decline the clerical function. This year the Ivy Lane club was dissolved by the dispersion of the members.

In April 1758, he began the *Idler*, which appeared statedly in a weekly newspaper, called—'The Universal

nicle,' and was continued till April 1760. The *Idler* evidently appeared to be the production of the same genius as the *Rambler*; but it has more of real life as well as ease of language.

Soon after the death of his mother, which happened in the beginning of 1759. he wrote his *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, that with the profits he might defray the expence of her funeral, and pay some little debts which he had contracted. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. He received for the copy 100l.; and 25l. when it came to a second edition. The applause with which this work was received, bore ample testimony to its merit; indeed, its reception was such that it has been translated into various modern languages, and admitted into the politest libraries of Europe.

In 1760, Mr. Murphy conceiving himself illiberally treated by Dr. Franklin, a cotemporary writer in his *Dissertation on Tragedy*, published an animated vindication of himself, in a Poetical Epistle to Samuel Johnson, A. M. in which he complimented Johnson in a just and elegant manner. An acquaintance first commenced between Johnson and Mr. Murphy in the following manner. Mr. Murphy during the publication of his '*Gray's Inn Journal*,' happened to be in the country with Foote, the modern Aristophanes, and having mentioned that he was obliged to go London, to get ready for the press one of the numbers; Foote said to him—'You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; translate that and send it to your printer. Mr. Murphy having read the tale was highly pleased with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he arrived in town, this tale was pointed out to him in the *Rambler*, from whence it had been translated into the French magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnson to explain this curious incident, and a friendship was formed between them that continued without interruption till the death of Johnson.

In 1762, Fortune, which had hitherto left our author to struggle with the inconveniences of a precarious subsistence, arising entirely from his own labours, gave him that independence which his literary talents certainly deserved. His present Majesty, in the month of July, granted

granted him a pension of 300*l.* per annum, as a recompence for the honour which the excellence of his writings had been to these kingdoms. He obtained it through the interference of the Earl of Bute, then First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, upon the suggestion of Mr. Wedderburn, now Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, at the instance of Mr. Murphy and the late Mr. Sheridan, father of the present proprietor of Drury Lane theatre, and eminent for his Lectures on Oratory, as well as Dictionary of the English Language. Johnson from this circumstance was censured by some as an apostate, and ridiculed by others for becoming a pensioner. 'The North Briton was furnished with arguments against the minister for rewarding a Tory and a Jacobite; and Churchill satirized his political versatility with the most poignant severity in the four following lines.

'How to all principles untrue,  
Not fix'd to old friends, nor to new,  
He damns the pension which he takes,  
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.'

His acceptance of the royal bounty undoubtedly subjected him to the appellation of pensioner, to which he had annexed an ignominious definition in his dictionary. It is with great propriety remarked upon this occasion; that—'having received a favour from two Scotchmen; against whose country he joined in the rabble cry of indiscriminate invective; it was thus that even-handed Justice commended the poisoned chalice to his own lips, and compelled him to an awkward, though not unpleasant penance, for indulging in a splenetic prejudice equally unworthy of his head and heart.'

In 1763, Mr. Boswell, from whose account the principal circumstances in these memoirs are taken, was introduced to our author, and continued to live in great intimacy with him from that time till his death.

Churchill in his 'Ghost,' availed himself of the common opinion of Johnson's credulity, and drew a caricature of him under the name of *Pomposo*, representing him as one of the believers of the story of a ghost in Cock Lane, which in 1762 had gained very great credit in London. Johnson made no reply, for it seems that with other wise folks he sat up with the ghost. Contrary however to the common opinion of Johnson's credulity, Mr. Bos-

well asserts that he was a principal agent in detecting the imposture; and undeceived the world by publishing an account of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1762.

In February 1764, to enlarge the circle of his literary acquaintance, and afford opportunities for conversation, he founded a society which afterwards became distinguished by the title of the *Literary Club*, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first proposer, to which Johnson acceded, and the original members were, besides himself, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Goldsmith. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho, on every Monday throughout the year.

The succeeding year, 1765, was remarkable for the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in England, and member of parliament for Southwark. Mr. Murphy who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken very highly of Johnson's conversation, he was requested to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnson, he accepted of an invitation to dinner at Mr. Thrale's, and was so much pleased with his reception both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they were so much pleased with him, that his invitations to their house became more and more frequent, till, in course of time he ranked as one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him both in their house at Southwark, and at their villa at Streatham. Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at the house of his friend all the comforts and even luxuries of life, his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, by association with an agreeable and well ordered family, by whom he was treated with the utmost respect and even affection; and it is recorded to the honour of his worthy friend, that the patron of literature and talents, of which Johnson sought in vain for the traces in Chesterfield, he found realized in Thrale.

In the course of this year he was complimented by the University of Dublin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, as the diploma expresses it, *ob egregium scriptorum elegantiam et utilitatem*, though he does not appear to have taken the title in consequence of it. Soon after, he published his edition of 'The Plays of William Shakspeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators, to which



which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson,' octavo. Sir John Hawkins thinks it a meagre work, he complains of the paucity of the notes, and Johnson's unsuitness for the office of a scholiast. It was treated with great illiberality by Dr. Kenrick in the first part of a 'Review' of it, which was never completed. But it must be acknowledged that what he did as a commentator has no small share of merit. He has enriched his edition with a concise account of each play, and of its characteristic excellence. In the sagacity of his emendatory criticisms, and the happiness of his interpretation of obscure passages, he surpasses every other editor of this poet. Mr. Malone confesses that Johnson's vigorous and comprehensive understanding, threw more light on this author than all his predecessor had done. His preface has been pronounced by Mr. Malone to be the finest composition in our language: and it must be admitted, whether we consider the beauty and vigour of its composition, the abundance and classical selection of its allusions, the justness of the general precepts of criticism, and its accurate estimates of the excellence or defects of its author, it is equally admirable.

In February, 1767, our author was honoured by a private conversation with the king in the library at Buckingham house, which, as pointedly expressed by one of his biographers, gratified his monarchic enthusiasm. The interview was sought by the king without the knowledge of Johnson. His majesty, among other things, asked the author of so many valuable works, if he intended to publish any more. Johnson modestly answered, that he thought he had written enough. 'And so should I too,' replied the king, 'if you had not written so well.' Johnson was highly pleased with his majesty's courteousness, and afterwards observed to a friend—'Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman, as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II.

In 1770, he published a political pamphlet, entitled *The False Alarm*, intended to justify the conduct of ministry, and the majority of the House of Commons, for having virtually assumed it as an axiom, that the expulsion of a member of parliament was equivalent to an exclusion; and their having declared Colonel Luttrell to be duly elected for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had a great majority of votes. This being considered as a  
gross

gross violation of the right of election, an alarm for the constitution extended itself all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm to be false, was the purpose of Johnson's pamphlet; but his arguments failed of effect, and the House of Commons has since erased the offensive resolution from the Journals. This pamphlet has great merit in point of language, but it contains much gross misrepresentation, and much malignity, and abounds with such arbitrary principles as are totally inconsistent with a free constitution.

As Johnson now shone in the plenitude of his political glory, from the number and celebrity of his ministerial pamphlets, an attempt was made to bring him into the house of commons by Mr. Strahan the king's printer, who was himself in parliament, and wrote to the secretary of the treasury upon the subject; but the application was not successful.

In 1773 he published a new edition of his Dictionary, with additions and corrections, and in the autumn of the same year he gratified a desire which he had long entertained, of visiting the Hebrides or western isles of Scotland. He was accompanied by Mr. Boswell; whose acuteness he afterwards observed would help his enquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation and civility of manners were sufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel in countries less hospitable than those they were to pass.

In the course of the years 1773 and 1774, he published a number of pamphlets in vindication of the conduct of ministry, to whom as a pensioner he had become wholly devoted. These he collected into a volume and published under the title of 'Political Tracts by the author of the Rambler, octavo.' In March he was gratified by the title of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him by the University of Oxford, at the solicitation of Lord North. In September he visited France for the first time with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Baretti, and returned to England in about two months after he quitted it. Foote, who happened to be in Paris at the same time, said that the French were perfectly astonished at his figure and manner, and at his dress; which was exactly the same with what he was accustomed to in London; his brown clothes, black stockings and plain shirt. Of the occurrences of this tour, he kept a journal, in all probability with a design of writing

an account of it; but for want of leisure and inclination he never carried it into execution.

This year he published an account of his tour to the Hebrides, under the title of 'a Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland, octavo.' The narrative, it must be admitted, is written with an undue prejudice against both the country and people of Scotland, which is highly reprehensible, though it abounds in extensive philosophical views of society, ingenious sentiments and lively descriptions. Among many other disquisitions, he expresses his disbelief of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian presented to the public as a translation from the Erse. This excited the resentment of Mr. Macpherson, who sent a threatening letter to the author, and Johnson answered him in the rough phrase of stern defiance.

'I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me; I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian! What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture, I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute; your rage I defy, your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable, and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.'

The threats alluded to in this letter never were attempted to be put into execution. But Johnson, as a provision of defence, furnished himself with a large oaken plant, six feet in height, of the diameter of an inch at the lower end, increasing to three inches at the top, and terminating in a head (once the root) of the size of a large orange. This he kept in his bed-chamber, so near his chair as to be within his reach.

In 1777 the fate of Dr. Dodd excited Johnson's compassion, and called forth the strenuous exertion of his vast comprehensive mind. He thought his sentence just, yet perhaps fearing that religion might suffer from the errors of one of its ministers, he endeavoured to prevent the last ignominious spectacle, by writing several petitions, as well as observations in the newspapers in his favour. He likewise wrote a prologue to Kelly's comedy  
of

of a *Word to the Wife*, which was acted at Covent Garden theatre for the benefit of the author's widow and children.

This year he engaged to write a concise account of the Lives of the English Poets; as a recompense for an undertaking as he thought not very tedious or difficult, he bargained for two hundred guineas; and was afterwards presented by the proprietors with one hundred pounds. In the selection of the poets he had no responsible concern; but Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden were inserted by his recommendation.—This was the last of Johnson's literary labours, and though completed when he was in his seventy-first year, shews that his faculties were in as vigorous a state as ever. His judgment and his taste, his quickness in the discrimination of motives, and facility of moral reflections, shine as strongly in these narratives, as in any of his more early performances; and his style if not so energetic, is at least more smoothed down to the taste of the generality of readers. The lives of the English Poets formed a memorable era in Johnson's life. It is a work which has contributed to immortalize his name, and has secured that rational esteem, which party or partiality could not procure, and which even the injudicious zeal of his friends has not been able to lessen.

From the close of this work, the malady that persecuted him through life, came upon him with redoubled force. His constitution rapidly declined, and the fabric of his mind seemed to be tottering. The contemplation of his approaching end dwelt constantly upon his mind, and the prospect of death he declared was terrible.

In 1781 he lost his valuable friend Thrale, who appointed him executor with a legacy of 200l. 'I felt,' he said, 'almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon that face, that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me, but with respect and benignity. Of his departed friend he has given a true character in a Latin epitaph to be seen in the church-yard of Streatham.

After the death of Mr. Thrale, his visits to Streatham, where he no longer looked upon himself as a welcome guest, became less and less frequent; and on the 5th of April 1783, he took his final leave of Mrs. Thrale, to whom for near twenty years he had been under the highest obligations; a friendly correspondence continued however between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale without interruption,  
till

till the summer following, when she retired to Bath, and informed him that she was going to dispose of herself in marriage to Signior Piozzi, an Italian music master. Johnson endeavoured to dissuade her from the match, but without effect; for her answer to his letter on the subject, contained a vindication of her conduct and her fame, an inhibition of Johnson from following her to Bath, and a farewell, concluding, 'till you have changed your opinion of ——— let us converse no more!'

From this time the narrative of his life is little more than a recital of the pressures of melancholy and disease, and of numberless excursions taken to calm his anxiety, and sooth his apprehensions of the terrors of death, by flying as it were from himself. In the beginning of 1784, he was seized with a spasmodic asthma, which was soon accompanied with some degree of dropsy. From the latter of these complaints, however, he was greatly relieved by a course of medicine.

Having expressed a desire of going to Italy for the recovery of his health, and his friends not deeming his pension adequate to the support of the expences incidental to the journey; application was made to the minister, by Mr. Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds unknown to Johnson, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, for an augmentation of it by 200*l*. The application was unsuccessful; but the Lord Chancellor offered to let him have 500*l*. out of his own purse, under the appellation of a loan, but with the intention of conferring it as a present. It is also recorded to the honour of Dr. Brocklesby that he offered to contribute 100*l*. per annum, during his residence abroad; but Johnson declined the offer with becoming gratitude; indeed he was now approaching fast to a state in which money could be of no avail.

During his illness he experienced the steady and kind attachment of his numerous friends. Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Warren, and Mr. Cruikshank generously attended him without accepting any fees; but his constitution was decayed beyond the restorative powers of the medical art. Previous to his dissolution he burnt indiscriminately large masses of paper, and amongst the rest two 4*to*. volumes, containing a full and most particular account of his own life, the loss of which is much to be regretted. He expired on the 13th of December, 1785, in the seventy

fifth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and close to the coffin of his friend Garrick. Agreeable to his own request, a large blue flag-stone was placed over his grave, with this inscription.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.  
 OBIT XIII. DIE DECEMERIS,  
 ANNO DOMINI  
 M, DCC, LXXXV.  
 ÆTATIS SUÆ LXXV.

A monument for Johnson in the cathedral church of St. Paul, in conjunction with the benevolent Howard was resolved upon with the approbation of the dean and chapter, and supported by a most respectable contribution. It was opened in 1795

Having no near relations, he left the bulk of his property, amounting to 1500*l.* to his faithful servant Francis Barber, whom he looked upon as particularly under his protection, and whom he had long treated as an humble friend. He appointed Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. (Sir William) Scott his executors. His death attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree, and was followed by an unprecedented accumulation of literary honours, in the various forms of sermons, elegies, memoirs, lives, essays and anecdotes.

The religious, moral, political and literary character of Johnson, will be better understood by the account of his life, than by any laboured and critical comments. Yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt to collect from his several biographers, into one view his most prominent excellencies and distinguishing particularities.

Johnson's figure was large, robust, and unwieldy, from corpulency. His appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by sudden emotions, which appeared to a common observer to be involuntary and convulsive. But in the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, they were the consequence of a depraved habit of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, which seemed as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does the mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament,

raiment, that he never enjoyed the free and vigorous use of his limbs; and when he walked, it was like the straggling gait of one in fetters; and when he rode he had no command nor direction of his horse. That with such a constitution and habits of life, he should have lived seventy-five years, is, as Mr. Boswell remarks, a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame. In his dress he was singular and slovenly, and though he improved in some degree under the lectures of Mrs. Thrale, during his long residence in the family, yet he never could be said to have completely surmounted particularity.

He was fond of good company and good living, and to the last, he knew of no method of regulating his appetite, but absolute restraint, or unlimited indulgence. 'Many a day,' says Mr. Boswell, 'did he fast, many a year refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously, when he did drink, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance. In conversation it was generally admitted, that he was rude, intemperate, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. Addicted to argument, and ambitious of victory, he was equally regardless of truth and fair reasoning in his approaches to conquest. 'There is no arguing with him,' said Goldsmith, alluding to a speech in one of Cibber's plays; 'for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the but end of it.

He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in common conversation, that he at all times delivered himself with a force, choice, and elegance of expression; the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow and deliberate utterance. Though usually grave in his deportment, he possessed much wit and humour, and often indulged in colloquial pleasantry. Mrs. Piozzi says, that 'if poetry was talked of, his quotations were the readiest, and had he not been eminent for more solid and brilliant qualities; mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary memory. His manner of repeating deserves to be described, though at the same time it defeats all power of description; but whoever once heard him repeat an ode of Horace, would be long before they could endure to hear it repeated by another.'

Mr. Boswell very judiciously observes, that in proportion to the native vigour of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult

to be adjusted, and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark upon human nature. Though the vigour of his mind was almost beyond parallel; yet from early prejudices, which all his learning and philosophy could never overcome, he was a zealous high-churchman; in his political sentiments a rank Tory, and till his present Majesty's accession to the throne, a violent jacobite. His attachment to the University of Oxford, to which in his youth he owed no great obligations, led him unjustly to depreciate the merit of every person who had studied at that of Cambridge. His aversion to whigs, dissenters and presbyterians was unconquerable, and his religious bigotry was such, that when at Edinburgh, as Dr. Towers mentions, in his essay on his life, &c. he would not go to hear Dr. Robertson preach, because he would not be present at a presbyterian assembly; though he with the learned world in general admitted that that eminent historiographer was a great ornament to literature, and thereby entitled to universal respect. He was so prone to superstition that he took off his hat in token of reverence, when he approached the places on which popish churches had formerly stood, and bowed before the monastic vestiges; nay further, he went so far as to express a serious concern, because he had put milk into his tea on a Good Friday. He was solicitous to give authenticity to stories of apparitions, and easy to credit the existence of a second sight, while he appeared scrupulous and sceptical as to particular facts.

These mental distempers are justly attributed to his melancholic temperament, and were fostered by solitary contemplation, till they had laid fetters upon the imagination too strong for reason to burst through. To this cause we must attribute his mentioning secret transgressions, his constant fear of death, and his religious terrors, not very consistent with his strength of mind, or his conviction of the goodness of God. This at least seems to have been his own opinion of the progress of these diseases, as appears from his history of the Mad Astronomer in *Rasselas*, the description of whose mind he seems to have intended as a representation of his own.

But with all these defects, from a review of his life, it appears beyond a doubt that he possessed many virtues, having been remarkably humane, charitable, affectionate  
and



and generous. To the warm and active benevolence of his heart, all his friends have borne testimony. 'He had nothing,' says Goldsmith, 'of the bear but his skin.' Misfortune had only to form her claim, in order to found her right to the use of his purse, or the exercise of his talents. His house was an asylum for the unhappy, beyond what a regard to personal convenience would have allowed, and his income was distributed in the support of his inmates, to an extent greater than general prudence would have permitted. Mrs. Piozzi in her anecdotes, remarks; that, 'as his purse was ever open to alms-giving, so was his heart tender to those who wanted relief, and his soul susceptible of gratitude, and every kind impression.'

As a literary character Johnson has eminently distinguished himself as a philologist, a biographer, a critic, a moralist, a novelist, a political writer, and a poet.

As a philologist we need only to refer to his Dictionary in the English language, as its utility is universally acknowledged, and its popularity its best eulogium. The etymologies however, though they exhibit learning and judgment, are not in every instance entitled to unqualified praise. The definitions exhibit astonishing proofs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language. His introducing his own opinions and even prejudices, under general definitions of words; as Tory, Whig, Pension, Excise, &c. must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence.

Mr. Murphy, who has given a fair and candid estimate of the literary character of Johnson, remarks that, 'the Dictionary, though in some instances abuse has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undermine its fame, still remains the *Mount Atlas* of English literature.

' Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,  
And oceans break their billows at its feet;  
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.'

As a biographer, his merit is certainly great. His narrative is in general vigorous, connected and perspicuous, and his reflections numerous, apposite and moral. But it must be owned that he neither dwells with pleasure nor success, upon those minuter anecdotes of his life, which oftner shew the genuine man, than actions of greater importance. Sometimes also his colouring receives a tinge

from prejudice, and his judgment is insensibly warped by the particularity of his private opinion.

His character as a poetical biographer has been given by his townsman, Dr. Newton, in his posthumous works, if not with his power, with his decision and severity of censure,

‘ Dr. Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets* afford much amusement, but candour was hurt and offended at the malevolence that preponderated in every part. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praises, or more abundant in his censures. He delights more in exposing blemishes, than in recommending beauties; slightly passes over excellencies, enlarges upon imperfections; and not content with his own severe reflections, revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the long forgotten works of former critics.’

As a critic, he is entitled to the praise of being the greatest that our nation has produced. This praise he has merited by his preface to Shakespeare, and the detached pieces of criticism which appear among his works; but his critical powers shine with more concentrated radiance in the *Lives of the Poets*. Of many passages in these compositions it is not hyperbolic to affirm, that they are executed with all the skill and penetration of Aristotle, and animated and embellished with all the fire of Longinus. ‘ *The Paradise Lost*,’ is a poem which the mind of Milton only could have produced; the criticism upon it is such, as perhaps, the pen of Johnson only could have written. His estimate of Dryden and Pope challenges Quintilian’s remarks upon Demosthenes and Cicero, and rivals the finest specimens of elegant composition and critical acuteness in the English language.—But though Johnson is entitled to this high eulogium, yet in many instances it is evident, that an affectation of singularity, or some other principle, not immediately visible, frequently betrays him into a dogmatical spirit of contradiction to received opinion. Of this there needs no further proof than his almost uniform attempt to depreciate the writers of blank verse, and his degrading estimate of the admirable compositions of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, Shenstone, and Akenfide. In his judgment of these poets, he may be justly accused of being warped by prejudice, resolutely blind to merit.

Miss Seward, the poetess of Litchfield, who has delineated his literary character, observes that ‘ when his atten-

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tion was called to modern writings, particularly if they were celebrated, and not written by any of his 'little Senate,' he generally listened with angry impatience; 'No Sir, I shall not read the book,' was his common reply. He turned from the compositions of rising genius with visible horror, which too plainly proved that envy was the bosom serpent of this literary despot, whose life had been unpolluted by licentious crimes, and who had some great and noble qualities, accompanying a stupendous reach of understanding.'

As a *moralist* his periodical papers are distinguished from those of other writers, who derived celebrity from similar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful ease of Addison, nor has he the humour and classic suavity of Goldsmith. His powers are of a more grave, energetic and dignified kind than any of his competitors, and if he entertains us less, he instructs us more. He shews himself master of all the recesses of the human mind, able to detect vice when disguised in its most specious form, and equally possessed of a corrosive to eradicate, or a lenitive to assuage the follies and sorrows of the heart. But his genius was only formed to chastise graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand. His *Rambler* furnishes such an assemblage of discourses on practical religion and moral duty, of critical investigation, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by constant study and meditation assimilated to itself all that may be found there. Every page of the *Rambler* shews a mind teeming with classical illusion and poetical imagery, illustrations from other writers are upon all occasions so ready, and mingle so easily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture.

Mrs. Piozzi in her *Anecdotes*, speaking of this production, has these words; 'that piety which dictated the *Rambler*, will be for ever remembered, for ever I think revered. That ample repository of religious truth, moral wisdom, and accurate criticism, breathes indeed the genuine emanations of its great author's mind, expressed too in a style so natural to him, and so much like his common mode of conversing, that I was myself but little astonished when he told me that he had scarcely read over one of those inimitable essays before they went to the press.'

Mr. Murphy observes, that 'the *Rambler* may be considered,

dered as Johnson's great work. It was the basis of that high reputation which went on increasing to the end of his days. In this collection, Johnson is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his essays form a body of ethics; the observations on life and manners are acute and instructive; and the papers professedly critical, serve to promote the cause of literature. It must however be acknowledged, that a settled gloom hangs over the author's mind, and all the essays, except eight or ten, coming from the same fountain head, no wonder that they have the raciness of the soil from which they sprung. Of this uniformity Johnson was sensible; he used to say, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a sprightly turn, the collection would have been more miscellaneous, and by consequence, more agreeable to the generality of readers.

The serious papers in his *Idler*, though inferior to those in the *Rambler* in sublimity and splendour, are distinguished by the same dignified morality and solemn philosophy, and lead to the same great end of diffusing wisdom, virtue and happiness. The humorous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addison.

Of the *Idler* Mr. Murphy observes, that 'in order to be consistent with the assumed character, it is written with abated vigour, in a style of ease and unlaboured elegance. It is the *Odyssy* after the *Iliad*. Intense thinking would not become the *Idler*. The first number presents a well drawn portrait of an idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly Johnson forgets his austere manner, and plays us into sense. He still continues his lectures on human life; but he adverts to common occurrence, and is often content with the topic of the day.'

As a *novelist*, he displays in the oriental tales in the *Rambler*, an unbounded knowledge of men and manners; but his capital work in this department of literature is his *Rasselas*. None of his writings have been so extensively diffused over Europe. The language enchants us with harmony, the arguments are acute and ingenious, and the reflection novel, yet just. It astonishes by the sublimity of its sentiments, and the fertility of its illustrations, and delights by the abundance and propriety of its images. The fund of thinking which it contains, is such that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation;

tion; but it is not without its faults, being barren of interesting incidents and destitute of originality or distinction of characters. There is little difference in the manner of thinking and reasoning of the philosopher and the female, of the prince and the waiting woman.

Mr. Murphy comments on this novel in the following manner. 'Rasselas is undoubtedly both elegant and sublime. It is a view of human life displayed, it must be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depressed at the time by the approaching dissolution of his mother, darkened the picture. He who reads the heads of the chapters, will find that it is not a course of adventures that invites him forwards, but a discussion of interesting questions; Reflections on Human Life; the History of Imlac; the Man of Learning; a Dissertation on Poetry; the Character of a Wise and Happy Man, &c. It is by pictures of life and profound moral reflection that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work.' Mr. Murphy concludes his observations with these words. 'It is remarkable, that the vanity of human pursuits was, about the same time, the subject that employed both Johnson and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and *Rasselas* with all its splendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture.

The effect of *Rasselas*, and of Johnson's other moral tales, is thus beautifully illustrated by Mr. Courtenay in his 'Poetical Review.'

Impressive truth, in splendid fiction drest,  
Checks the vain wish, and calms the troubled breast;  
O'er the dark mind a light celestial throws,  
And sooths the angry passions to repose,  
As oil effus'd illumines and smooths the deep,  
When round the bark the swelling surges sweep,

As a political writer, his productions are more distinguished by subtlety of disquisition, poignancy of satire and energy of style, than by truth, equity or candour. In perusing his representation of those who differed from him in political subjects, we are sometimes inclined to assert to a proposition of his own, that 'there is no credit due to a rhetorician's account, either of good or evil.' Many positions are laid down in admirable language, and in highly polished periods, which are inconsistent with the principles of the British constitution, and repugnant to the common rights

rights of mankind. In apology for him, it may be admitted, that he was attached to Tory principles, and that most of what he wrote on political subjects was conformable to his real sentiments. Mr. Murphy observes that 'Johnson's political pamphlets, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his pension, or the solicitation of men in power, did not support the cause for which they were undertaken. They are written in a style truly harmonious, and with his usual dignity of language. When it is said that he advanced positions repugnant to the common rights of mankind, the virulence of party may be suspected. It is perhaps true, that in the clamour raised throughout the kingdom, Johnson overheated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and he was greatly superior to the littleness of spirit that might induce him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe.'

The style of Johnson's prosaic writings has been censured, applauded, and imitated to extremes equally dangerous to the purity of the English language. He has no doubt innovated upon our language by his adoption of Latin derivatives; but the danger from his innovation would be trifling, if those alone would copy him who can think with equal precision; for few passages can be pointed out from his works in which his meaning could be accurately expressed by such words as are in more familiar use. His comprehension of mind was the mould for his language. Had his comprehension been narrower, his expression would have been easier. And it is to be remembered that while he has added harmony and dignity to our language, he has neither violated it by the insertion of foreign idioms, nor the affectation of anomaly in the construction of his sentences; upon the whole it is certain that his example has given a general elevation to the language of his country, for some of our best writers have approached very near to him; This circumstance is well described by Mr. Courtenay in his 'Political Review' in the following lines.

'By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,  
He has like Titian form'd his brilliant school,  
And taught congenial spirits to excel,  
While from his lips impressivè wisdom fell.'

As a poet, the merit of Johnson, though considerable, yet falls short of that which he has displayed in those provinces

vices of literature in which we have already surveyed him. Ratiocination prevailed in Johnson more than sensibility. He has no daring sublimities nor gentle graces, he never glows with the fire of enthusiasm, or kindles a sympathetic emotion in the bosoms of his readers. His poems are the plain and sensible effusions of a mind never hurried beyond itself, to which the use of rhyme adds no beauty, and from which the use of prose would detach no force. His versification is smooth, flowing, and unrestrained, but his pauses are not sufficiently varied to rescue him from the imputation of monotony. He seems never at a loss for rhyme, or destitute of a proper expression; and the manner of his verse appears admirably adapted to didactic or satiric poetry, for which his powers were equally and perhaps alone qualified.

Mr. Murphy, in his estimate of the literary character of Johnson, observes that his English poetry is such as leaves room to think if he devoted himself to the muses, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His first production of this kind was *London*, a poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of ancient manners. The author has heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and having the skill to polish his numbers, he became a sharp accuser of the times. The *Vanity of Human Wishes*, is an imitation of the tenth satire of the same author. Though it is translated by Dryden, Johnson's imitation approaches nearest to the original.

It is generally admitted, that of Johnson's poetical compositions, the imitations of Juvenal are the best; they are perhaps the noblest imitations to be found in any language. It has been remarked with nice discrimination, that if Johnson's imitations of Juvenal are not so close as those done by Pope from Horace; they are infinitely more spirited and energetic. In Pope the most peculiar images of Roman Life are adapted with singular address to our own times. In Johnson, the similitude is only in general passages, suitable to every age, in which refinement has degenerated into depravity.

For the characters which Juvenal has chosen to illustrate his doctrine, Johnson has substituted others from modern history: for *Sejanus* he gives *Cardinal Wolfey*, and *Buckingham*, stabbed by Felton, for *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, *Lidiat*,  
Galileo

*Galileo* and *Laus*; for *Hannibal*, *Charles XII.* of Sweden, and to shew the consequences of long life, he says,

‘ From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a shew.’

He has preserved all the beauties of the original moral of the Roman poet, but stripped it with infinite art, from all appearance of Epicurian infidelity, and filled it with precepts worthy of a philosopher, and wishes becoming a Christian.

The diction of his tragedy of *Irene* is nervous, rich, and elegant; but splendid language and melodious numbers will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. There is not throughout the play, a single situation to excite curiosity, or raise a conflict of the passions. The sentiments are just and always moral, but seldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philosophic. *Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theatre, but continue to please in the closet. Mr. Murphy very pertinently observes that what Johnson has said of the tragedy of *Cato* may be applied to *Irene*. ‘ It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama; rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language, than a representation of natural affections. Nothing excites or assuages emotion. The events are expected without solicitude, and remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care, we consider not what they are doing, nor what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. It is unaffecting and chill philosophy.’ The prologue Mr. Murphy says is written with elegance, and in a peculiar strain shews the literary pride and lofty spirit of the author.

The faults and foibles of Johnson, whatever they were, are now descended with him to the grave, but his virtues should be the object of our imitation. His works, with all their defects, are a most valuable and important accession to the literature of England. His political writings will probably be little read on any other account than for the dignity and energy of his style; but his *Dictionary*, his moral essays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey useful instruction, and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood, and give him a just claim to a distinguished rank among the best and ablest writers that England has produced.



# LONDON : A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL, 1739.

“ ——— ——— *Quis ineptæ*  
 “ *Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?*”  
 JUV.

**T**HOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel  
 When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,  
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;  
 Resolv'd, at length, from vice and London far,                     5  
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air ;  
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.  
 For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?                     10  
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay :  
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;  
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,                     15  
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;  
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.  
 While Thales waits the wherry that contains  
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,                     20  
 On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,  
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;  
 Struck with the feat that gave Eliza birth,  
 We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,                     25  
 And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain ;  
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.                     30  
 A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,  
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.

\* Queen Elizabeth.

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days, 35  
 Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise ;  
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;  
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,  
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less ; 40  
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,  
 And life, still vig'rous, revels in my veins ;  
 Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,  
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;  
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play, 45  
 Some peacetul vale with nature's paintings gay,  
 Where once the harra's'd Briton found repose,  
 And fate in poverty defy'd his foes :  
 Some secret cell, ye pow'r's indulgent, give,  
 Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live. 50  
 Here let those reign whom pensions can incite  
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;  
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
 And plead for pirates in the face of day ;  
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, 55  
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.  
 Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;  
 With warbling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,  
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. 60  
 Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?  
 What check restrain your thirst of power and gold ?  
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.  
 To such the plunder of a land is given, 65  
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven.  
 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?  
 Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ; 70  
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,  
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others, with softer similes, and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;  
 With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong ; 80  
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears ?  
 Who shares Orguio's crimes, his fortune shares.  
 But thou, should tempting villany present 85  
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,  
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,  
 Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,  
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
 Un sullied fame, and conscience ever gay. 90

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see !  
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me !  
 London, the needy villain's gen'ral home  
 The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome ;  
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate, 95  
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
 I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward, from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey ; 100  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustic grandeur, or the iurly grace,  
 But loit in thoughtless ease and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;  
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away, 105  
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel ;  
 His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politics import ; 110  
 Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape.  
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap.

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, 115  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And liſp the tale of Henry's victories; 120  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite:  
 Still to his int'reſt true where'er he goes, 125  
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue beſtows;  
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces ſhine,  
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
 Strain out, with fault'ring diffidence, a lie, 130  
 And get a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with juſtice, this discerning age  
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:  
 Well may they venture on the mimic's art,  
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part; 135  
 Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,  
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;  
 Withev'ry wild abſurdity comply,  
 And view its object with another's eye;  
 To ſhake with laughter e'er the jeſt they hear, 140  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear;  
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
 To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat.

How, when competitors like theſe contend,  
 Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend? 145  
 Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,  
 And lie without a bluſh, without a ſmile;  
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,  
 Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgment in a whore;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and ſwear, 150  
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,  
 They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;

Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart; 155  
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame and censure free,  
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty.  
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues, 160  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.  
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,  
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;  
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the various taunt a thousand ways. 165  
 Of all the griefs that harras the distress'd,  
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heav'n reserv'd, in pity to the poor, 170  
 No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?  
 No secret island in the boundless main?  
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?  
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
 And bear oppression's insolence no more. 175

This mournful truth is every where confess'd,  
*Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:*  
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;  
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd, 180  
 The groon retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
 Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:  
 Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,  
 Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r, 185  
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight  
 Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;  
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
 And leave your little *all* to flames a prey;  
 Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
 For where can starving merit find a home? 191  
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes,

Should Heaven's just bolts, Orgilio's wealth confound,  
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground, 195  
 Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,  
 And public mournings pacify the ſkies ;  
 The leaureat tribe in venal verſe relate,  
 How virtue wars with perfecuting fate ;  
 With well-ſeign'd gratitude the penſion'd band  
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land. 201  
 See ! while he builds, the gaudy vaffals come,  
 And crowd with fudden wealth the riſing dome ;  
 The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore ;  
 And raiſe his treasures higher than before : 205  
 Now bleſ'd with all the baubles of the great,  
 The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,  
 Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,  
 And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ; 211  
 There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat ;  
 And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,  
 For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand ; 215  
 There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;  
 And, while thy grounds a cheap repaſt afford,  
 Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord :  
 There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſic rings, 220  
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;  
 On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,  
 And bleſs thine evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,  
 And ſign your will before you ſup from home. 225  
 Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,  
 Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;  
 Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,  
 Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.  
 Yet e'en theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay, 230  
 Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way ;  
 Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,  
 Their prudent inſults to the poor confine ;

Afa- they mark the flambeaux's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train, and golden coach. 235

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,  
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:  
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;  
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest, 240  
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;  
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring, 246  
To rig another convoy for the king.\*

A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd, 250  
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;  
No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,  
The tide retiring, calls me from the land: 255  
Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,  
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;  
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,  
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,  
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid, 260  
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;  
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
Thy satire point, and animate thy page. 263

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation with extensive view,  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.

\* The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;  
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good. 10

How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness's elocution flows,  
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,  
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;  
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.  
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30  
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord :  
Low skulks the hind beneath the reach of pow'r,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,  
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35  
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,  
Increase his riches and his peace destroy, 40  
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,  
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,  
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.  
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails, 45  
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;



Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth, 50  
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :

Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,  
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;

Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ; 55  
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;

Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
Or seen a new-made mayor's unweildy state ;

Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,  
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ; 60

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?

Attentive truth and nature to descry,

And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,  
To thee were solemn toys or empty show, 65

The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe :

All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
Renew'd at every glance on human kind ; 70

How just that scorn e'er yet thy voice declare,

Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliant's crowd preferment's gate,

A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call, 75

They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,

Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ; 80

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,

To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;

From ev'ry room descends the painted face,

That hung the bright palladium of the place ;  
And sink'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85

To better features yields the frame of gold ;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line,  
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :  
 The form distorted justifies the fall,  
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal ?  
 Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
 Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;  
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95  
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail,

In full-blown dignity see Wolfey stand,  
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ; 100  
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,  
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;  
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
 His smile alone security bestows :

Still to new heights his restless wishes tour ; 105  
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;  
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.

At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state  
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate ;  
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye, 110

His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;  
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115  
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remember'd tolly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
 Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end, be thine ?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?

For why did Wolfey, near the steps of fate, 125  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow  
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?  
 What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,  
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life? 130  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?  
 What but their wish indulg'd, in courts to shine,  
 And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame; 136  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,

Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140

Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!  
 Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,  
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;  
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray, 145

And pour on misty doubt resistless day;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain; 150

Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155

Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause a while from learning, to be wise;  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160

See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows, 165  
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;

See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,  
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent ; 170  
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
 And fatal learning leads him to the block :  
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ; 180  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;  
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game, 185  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
 And mortgag'd states their grandfire's wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals or on stones decay. 190

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign ; 200  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;  
 " Think nothing gain'd," he cries, " till nought re-  
 " On Muscov's walls till Gothic standards fly, [main,  
 " And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
 The march begins in military state, 205  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;

Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And winter barricades the realms of frost ;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;  
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day : 210  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not chance at length her error mend ? 215  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ; 220  
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.  
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride, 225  
 With half mankind embattled at his side,  
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;  
 Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,  
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ; 230  
 Fresh praise is try'd, till madness fires his mind,  
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;  
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,  
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;  
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235  
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;  
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;  
 Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
 Through purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,  
 With unexpected legions bursts away,  
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;  
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ; 246

From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise.  
 The fierce Croation, and the wild Huffar,  
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ; 250  
 The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom  
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom ;  
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,  
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days, 255  
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;  
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know  
 That life protracted is protracted woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy : 260

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower,  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.  
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines, 265  
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,  
 Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near :  
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend, 271

Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,  
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest, 275  
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest ;  
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,  
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;

The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence, 280  
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains, 285  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime  
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;  
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away;  
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears, 295  
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;  
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet e'en on this her load misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings; 300  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.

Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305  
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;  
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,  
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,  
 Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
 And swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face: 320  
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;  
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325  
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night,

Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,  
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?  
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines, 331  
 The rival batters, and the lovers mines.  
 With distant voice neglected virtue calls,  
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;  
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign, 335  
 And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
 The harmless freedom and the private friend.  
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;  
 To int'rest, prudence; and to flattery, pride. 340  
 Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,  
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.  
 Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies;  
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,  
 Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain. 350  
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
 But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.  
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar  
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.  
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355  
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,  
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; 360  
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
 For patience, sov'reign, o'er transmuted ill;  
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,  
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:  
 These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain, 365  
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;



With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find. 368

## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE, 1747.

**W**HEN learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new ;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign, 5  
And panting time toil'd after him in vain,  
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule ; 10  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach essay'd the heart :  
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;  
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise,  
A mortal born, he met the general doom, 15  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.  
Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit. 20  
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;  
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;  
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long : 26  
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,  
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.  
Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ; 30  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept ;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit, 35  
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;  
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,  
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
 And mark the future periods of the stage? 40

Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Durseys yet remain in store;  
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,  
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride;  
 Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance) 45

Here Hunt\* may box, or Mahomet† may dance.  
 Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
 With every meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day. 50

Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,  
 The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,  
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry, 55

As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;  
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;  
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
 For useful mirth and salutary woe; 60

Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage. 62

### PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS  
*Acted for the Benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.*

**Y**E patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,  
 Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,  
 Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,  
 Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;  
 Immortal patrons of succeeding days, 5  
 Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;  
 Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,  
 With close malevolence, or public rage;

\* A famous stage boxer.

† A rope dancer.

PROLOGUES.

Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,  
 Behold this theatre, and grieve no more. 10  
 This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell  
 That never Britain can in vain excel:  
 The slightest arts futurity shall trust,  
 And rising ages hasten to be just.  
 At length our mighty bard's victorious lays 15  
 Fill the loud voice of universal praise;  
 And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,  
 Yields to renown the centuries to come;  
 With ardent haste each candidate of fame,  
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name; 20  
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow  
 Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,  
 While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,  
 Or trace his form on circulating gold.  
 Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay, 25  
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.  
 What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,  
 No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire?  
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,  
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age; 30  
 Hers the mild merits of domestic life,  
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.  
 Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms  
 Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;  
 Secure with peace, with competence to dwell, 35  
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.  
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!  
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave. 38

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN, 1769.

**P**REST by the load of life, the weary mind  
 Surveys the general toil of human kind,  
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,  
 And social sorrow loses half its pain;  
 Our anxious bard without complaint may share 5  
 This bustling season's epidemic care;

Like Cæsar's pilate dignify'd by fate,  
 Tost in one common storm with all the great ;  
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,  
 When one the borough courts, and one the pit. 10  
 The busy candidates for power and fame  
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same ;  
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,  
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.  
 Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage, 15  
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.  
 Th' offended burgeois hoards his angry tale,  
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail.  
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,  
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss. 20  
 " This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"  
 Says swelling Crispin, " begg'd a cobler's vote ;"  
 " This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,  
 " Lies at my feet ; I hiss him, and he dies."  
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe, 25  
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.  
 Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,  
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;  
 But confident of praise, if praise be due,  
 Trusts without fear to merit and to you. 30

### PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF A WORD TO THE WISE,

*Spoken by Mr. Hull.*

**T**HIS night presents a play which public rage,  
 Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage,  
 From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,  
 For English vengeance wars not with the dead.  
 A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye 5  
 The man whom fate has laid—where all must lie.  
 To wit, reviving from its author's dust,  
 Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just,  
 For no renew'd hostilities invade  
 Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade. 10  
 Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,  
 And him who cannot hurt, allow to please ;



And nature on her naked breasts  
Delights to catch the gales of Life.  
*Vide Spring Page 57 line 2.*



To please by scenes unconscious of offence,  
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.  
 Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays, 15  
 Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.  
 If want of skill, or want of care appear,  
 Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.  
 By all like him must praise and blame be found,  
 At best a fleeting dream, or empty sound. 20  
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night  
 When liberal pity dignify'd delight;  
 When Pleasure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,  
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name. 24

## SPRING.

**S**TERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,  
 Forbears the long continued strife;  
 And nature on her naked breast,  
 Delights to catch the gales of life.  
 Now o'er the rural kingdom roves 5  
 Soft Pleasure with her laughing train,  
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,  
 And vegetation plains the plain.  
 Unhappy! whom to beds of pain  
 Arthritic tyranny consigns; 10  
 Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,  
 Though Rapture sings and Beauty shines.  
 Yet though my limbs disease invades,  
 Her wings Imagination tries,  
 And bears me to the peaceful shades 15  
 Where——'s humble turrets rise.  
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,  
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,  
 Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,  
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart. 20  
 Here let me through the vales pursue  
 A guide—a father—and a friend,  
 Once more great Nature's works renew,  
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife, 25  
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;  
 Here let me learn the uſe of life,  
 When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,  
 Cool meditation's quiet feat, 30  
 The gen'rous ſcorn of venal power,  
 The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,  
 Or raging factions ruſh to war,  
 Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes 35  
 I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtl'er foes,  
 Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,  
 The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,  
 And quell the rebels of the art. 40

### MIDSUMMER.

**O** PHŒBUS! down the weſtern ſky,  
 Far hence diſſuſe thy burning ray;  
 Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,  
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care, 5  
 Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!  
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,  
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground  
 Her living carpet nature ſpreads; 10  
 Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,  
 In ſhowers its fragrant folliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,  
 Let muſic die along the grove;  
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine, 15  
 And ev'ry ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!  
 Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!



Thy looks perpetual joys impart,  
Thy voice perpetual love inspires. 20

While all my wish and thine compleat,  
By turns we languish and we burn,  
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,  
Our murmurs—murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to rest, 25  
And blushing skies the morn foretel,  
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,  
And bid the waking world farewell. 28

## AUTUMN.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,  
Impatient time rolls on the year!  
The seasons change, and nature's face  
Now sweetly smiles, nor frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay, 5  
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;  
The flowers of Spring are swept away,  
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
And wanton'd on the western breeze, 10  
Now trod in dust neglected lie,  
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
As ruffet heaths are wild and bare;  
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain, 15  
Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.

No more while through the midnight shade,  
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,  
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,  
As Progne pours the melting lay. 20

From this capricious clime she soars,  
O! would some god but wings supply!  
To where each morn the Spring restores,  
Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish! my fate compels to bear 25  
 The downward season's iron reign,  
 Compels to breath polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What blifs to life can Autumn yield,  
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail; 30  
 And Ceres flies the naked field,  
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,  
 To cheer me in the dark'ning hour?  
 The grape remains, the friend of wit, 35  
 In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;  
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:  
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,  
 This god of health, and verse, and day. 40

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,  
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;  
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,  
 And every blifs in wine shall meet. 44

### WINTER.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,  
 Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue;  
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,  
 Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The ling'ring hours prolong the night, 5  
 Usurping darkness shares the day;  
 Her mists restrain the force of light,  
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,  
 With sighs we view the hoary hill, 10  
 The leafless wood, the naked field,  
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,  
 No vivid colours paint the plain;

No more with devious steps I rove  
Through verdant paths now fought in vain. 15

Aloud the driving tempest roars,  
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;  
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,  
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend. 20

In nature's aid let art supply  
With light and heat my little sphere ;  
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,  
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,  
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;  
Let love his wanton wiles employ,  
And o'er the season wine prevail. 25

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,  
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more,  
Nor music charm—though Stella sings,  
Nor love nor wine the spring restore. 30

Catch, then, O! catch the transient hour,  
Improve each moment as it flies ;  
Life's a short summer—man a flower,  
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies ! 36

### THE WINTER'S WALK.

**B**EHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,  
What dreary prospects round us rise,  
The naked hill, the leafless grove,  
The hoary ground, the frowning skies.

Not only thought the wasted plain,  
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd,  
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,  
I feel thy power usurp my breast. 5

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,  
Resign the heart to spleen and care ;  
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,  
And rapture saddens to despair. 10

In groundless hope and causeless fear,  
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom;  
 Still changing with the changeful year,  
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom. 15

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,  
 With mental and corporeal strife,  
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,  
 And skreen me from the ill<sup>s</sup> of life. 20

### TO MISS \*\*\*\*\*.

On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk network Purse of her own weaving.

**T**HOUGH gold and silk their charms unite  
 To make thy curious web delight,  
 In vain the varied work would shine  
 If wrought by any hand but thine;  
 Thy hand that knows the subtler art,  
 To weave those nets that catch the heart. 5

Spread out by me, the roving coin  
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine;  
 Nor can I hope thy filken chain  
 The glittering vagrants shall restrain. 10  
 Why, Stella, was it then decreed  
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed. 12

### EPIGRAM

ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

**A**UGUSTUS still survives in Maro's strain,  
 And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign,  
 Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,  
 For nature form'd the poet for the king. 4

### STELLA IN MOURNING.

**W**HEN lately Stella's form display'd  
 The beauties of the gay brocade,  
 The nymphs, who found their power decline,  
 Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.  
 "Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,  
 "And let the goddess trust her eyes."  
 Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,  
 And Fate malicious heard the prayer; 5

But brighten'd by the sable dress,  
 As virtue rises in distress, 10  
 Since Stella still extends her reign,  
 Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?  
 Th'adoring youth and envious fair,  
 Henceforth shall form one common prayer;  
 And love and hate alike implore  
 The skies—"That Stella mourn no more." 16

## TO STELLA.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,  
 The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,  
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,  
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill;  
 Not all their charms, though all unite, 5  
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore.  
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,  
 Not all the power, nor all the fame,  
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim; 10  
 Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,  
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,  
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;  
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain, 15  
 Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;  
 In lovely Stella all combine,  
 And, lovely Stella, thou art mine. 18

## VERSES,

Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig  
 of Myrtle.

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does this gift create,  
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.  
 The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,  
 Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)  
 Not less capricious that a reigning fair, 5  
 Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.  
 In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,  
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.

The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads  
 The unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads. 10  
 Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,  
 And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.  
 Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,  
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb. 13

### TO LADY FIREBRACE.

AT BURY ASSIZES.

**A**T length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,  
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?  
 Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire  
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;  
 For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face, 5  
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a muse and grace.

### TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

**Y**E nymphs whom starry rays invest,  
 By flattering poets given,  
 Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,  
 In all the pomp of heaven.

Engross not all the beams on high, 5  
 Which gild a lover's lays,  
 But, as your sister of the sky,  
 Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,  
 Her brows a cloudy show, 10  
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,  
 And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes;  
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er;  
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies, 15  
 And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,  
 Denies my Lyce shines;  
 And all the pens of Cupid's wing  
 Attack my gentle lines. 20

Yet, spite of fair Zelinda's eye,  
 And all her bards express,  
 My Lyce makes as good a sky,  
 And I but flatter less.

24

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

**C**ONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,  
 As on we toil from day to day,  
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,  
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,  
 See Levett to the grave descend,  
 Officious, innocent, sincere,  
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

5

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;  
 Nor letter'd arrogance deny  
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

10

When fainting nature call'd for aid,  
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,  
 His vigorous remedy display'd  
 The power of art without the show.

15

In mis'ry's darkest cavern known,  
 His useful care was ever nigh,  
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

20

No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;  
 The modest wants of ev'ry day  
 The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,  
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;  
 And sure the Eternal Master found  
 The single talent well employ'd.

25

The busy day—the peaceful night,  
 Unfelt, unclouded, glided by;

30

His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
No cold gradations of decay,  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

36

### EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

*An Itinerant Musician.*

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,  
Rest here, distress by poverty no more,  
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;  
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

6

### EPITAPH

ON SIR THOMAS HANMER, BART.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,  
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie ;  
His various worth through varied life attend,  
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth, 5  
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;  
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,  
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,  
His country call'd him from the studious shade ; 10  
In life's first bloom his public toils began,  
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,  
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;  
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd, 15  
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd :  
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,  
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,  
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice. 20  
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,  
While Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!



Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,  
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,  
 The moderator firmly mild appear'd—  
 Beheld with love, with veneration heard. 25

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,  
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;  
 Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,  
 With temperate zeal and wise anxiety; 30  
 Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aside,  
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride,  
 Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,  
 And fame pursu'd him where conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest, 35  
 With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd:  
 To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,  
 To rural grandeur and domestic worth:  
 Delighted still to please mankind or mend,  
 The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend. 40

Calm conscience then, his former life survey'd,  
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade,  
 Till nature call'd him to her general doom,  
 And virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb. 44

## ON THE

## DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F. R. S.

## THE ELECTRICIAN.

**L**ONG hast thou borne the burden of the day,  
 Thy task is ended, venerable Grey!  
 No more shall art thy dextrous hand require,  
 To break the sleep of elemental fire:  
 To rouse the power that actuate nature's frame, 5  
 The momentaneous shock, th' electric flame;  
 The flame which first, weak pupil to thy lore,  
 I saw, condemn'd alas to see no more.

Now, hoary sage, pursue thy happy flight  
 With swifter motion, haste to purer light, 10  
 Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with Boyle,  
 To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,  
 Where intuition breathes through time and space,  
 And mocks experiment's successive race;

Sees tardy Science toil at Nature's laws, 15  
And wonders how th' effect obscures the cause.

Yet not to deep research or happy guesses,  
Is view'd the life of hope, the death of peace ;  
Unblest the man whom philolophic rage  
Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the sage : 20  
Not art but goodness pour'd the sacred ray  
That cheer'd the parting hours of humble Grey. 22

### TO MISS HICKMAN,

#### PLAYING ON THE SPINNET.

**B**RIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,  
Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain :  
When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,  
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,  
And yield reluctant to despotic sway : 5

But when your music sooths the raging pain,  
We bid propitious heaven prolong your reign,  
We bleis the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,  
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king : 10

Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,  
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd,  
Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r,  
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.

Had Stella's gentler touches mov'd the lyre, 15  
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire :

No more delighted with destructive war,  
Ambitious only now to please the fair ;  
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,  
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms. 20

### PARAPHRASE

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. IV. VERSES 6—11.

“ *Go to the Ant thou Sluggard.* ”

**T**URN on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise.  
No stern command, no monitory voice  
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice ;  
Yet timely provident she hastes away, 5  
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day ;

When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,  
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.  
 How long shall sloth usurp thy useles hours,  
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs? 10  
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,  
 And soft solicitation courts repose.  
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,  
 Till want now following fraudulent and slow,  
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe. 16

## HORACE

## LIB. 4. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

**T**HE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,  
 The field and woods, behold! are green.  
 The changing year renews the plain,  
 The rivers know their banks again,  
 The sprightly nymph and naked grace 5  
 The mazy dance together trace.  
 The changing year's successive plan  
 Proclaims mortality to man.  
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,  
 Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray; 10  
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,  
 And winter chills the world again:  
 Her losses soon the moon supplies,  
 But wretched man, when once he lies  
 Where Priam and his sons are laid, 15  
 Is nought but ashes and a shade.  
 Who knows if Jove, who counts our score  
 Will toss us in a morning more?  
 What with our friend you nobly share  
 At least you rescue from your heir. 20  
 Not you Torquatus, boast of Rome,  
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,  
 Or eloquence, or splendid birth,  
 Or virtue, shall restore to earth.  
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain, 25  
 Diana calls to life in vain;

Nor can the might of Theseus rend  
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

28

## ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

**H**AD this fair figure which this frame displays,  
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,  
In every dome, in every sacred place,  
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,  
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,

5

“ This is Minerva, cast in virtue's mould.”

Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,

Liquid fragrance all the way :

Is it business ? is it love ?

Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

10

Soft Anacreon's vows I hear,

Vows to Myrtaie the fair ;

Grac'd with all that charms the heart,

Blushing nature, smiling art.

Venus, courted by an ode,

15

On the bard her dove bestow'd :

Vested with a master's right,

Now Anacreon rules my flight ;

His the letters that you see,

Weighty charge, consign'd to me :

20

Think not yet my service hard,

Joyless task without reward ;

Smiling at my master's gates,

Freedom my return awaits ;

But the liberal grant in vain

25

Tempts me to be wild again,

Can a prudent dove decline

Blissful bondage such as mine ?

Over hills and fields to roam,

Fortune's guest without a home ;

30

Under leaves to hide one's head,

Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed :

Now my better lot bestows

Sweet repast, and soft repose :

Now the generous bowl I sip

35

As it leaves Anacreon's lip :

Void of care and free from dread,  
 From his fingers snatch his bread ;  
 Then with luscious plenty gay,  
 Round his chamber dance and play ; 40  
 Or from wine as courage springs,  
 O'er his face extend my wings ;  
 And when feast and frolic tire,  
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.  
 This is all, be quick and go, 45  
 More than all thou canst not know ;  
 Let me now my pinions ply,  
 I have chatter'd like a pye. 48

## LINES

*Written in ridicule of certain Poems published in 1777.*

**W**HERESOE'ER I turn my view,  
 All is strange, yet nothing new ;  
 Endless labour all along,  
 Endless labour to be wrong ;  
 Phrase that time has flung away, 5  
 Uncouth words in disarray,  
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,  
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet. 8

## PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

**E**RR shall they not, who resolute explore  
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes ;  
 And scanning right the practices of yore,  
 Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.  
 They to the dome where smoke with curling play 5  
 Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,  
 Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,  
 And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.  
 The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,  
 By quiv'ring string, or modulated wind ; 10  
 Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,  
 Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the fullen mansions dun,  
 Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;  
 Where gloom-enamour'd Mischief loves to dwell, 15  
 And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,  
 And purple nectar glads the festive hour;  
 The guest, without a want, without a wish,  
 Can yield no room to music's soothing power.

### BURLESQUE

*Of the Modern Versifications of Ancient Legendary Tales.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

**T**HE tender infant meek and mild,  
 Fell down upon the stone;  
 The nurse took up the squealing child,  
 But still the child squeal'd on. 4

### EPIITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

**T**HE hand of him here torpid lies,  
 That drew th' essential form of grace;  
 Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,  
 That saw the manners in the face. 4

### TRANSLATION

*Of the two first Stanzas of the Song "Rio verde, Rio verde,"  
 printed in Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

**G**LASSY water, glassy water,  
 Down whose current clear and strong,  
 Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,  
 Moor and Christian roll along. 4

### TO MRS. THRALE,

*On her completing her thirty-fifth Year.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

**O**FT in danger, yet alive,  
 We are come to thirty five;  
 Long may better years arrive,  
 Better years than thirty-five.

Could philosophers contrive  
 Life to stop at thirty-five,  
 Time his hours should never drive  
 O'er the bounds of thirty-five.  
 High to soar, and deep to dive,  
 Nature gives at thirty-five  
 Ladies, stock and tend your hive,  
 Trifle not at thirty-five;  
 For, howe'er we boast and strive,  
 Life declines from thirty-five:  
 He that ever hopes to thrive,  
 Must begin by thirty-five.  
 And all who wisely wish to wive  
 Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

## IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

*Of an Air in the Clemenza de Tito of Metastasio,  
 beginning, "Deh se piacermi vuoi."*

**W**OULD you hope to gain my heart,  
 Bid your teasing doubts depart;  
 He who blindly trusts will find  
 Faith from every gen'rous mind:  
 He who still expects deceit,  
 Only teaches how to cheat.

## LINES

*Written under a Print representing Persons skating.*

**O**'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,  
 With nimble glide the skaters play;  
 O'er treach'rous pleasure's flow'ry ground  
 Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

## TRANSLATION

*Of a Speech of Aquileio in the Adriano of Metastasio,  
 beginning, "Tu che in Corte invecchiasti."*

**G**ROWN old in courts, thou art not surely one  
 Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;  
 Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,  
 To sink the fatal precipice before him,  
 And then lament his fall with seeming friendship:  
 Open to all, true only to thyself,

Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious  
 Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses, [praise,  
 And drive discount'nanc'd virtue from the throne :  
 That leave the blame of rigour to the prince, 10  
 And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit ;  
 That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,  
 And only build upon each other's ruin. 13

## IMPROMPTU

*On hearing Miss Thrale consulting with a Friend about  
 a Gown and Hat she was inclined to wear.*

**W**EAR the gown, and wear the hat,  
 Snatch thy pleasures while they last ;  
 Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,  
 Soon those nine lives would be past. 4

## TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

## PASTORAL I.

*Milebæus.*

**N**OW, Tityrus, you supine and careless laid,  
 Play on your pipe beneath yon beechen shade ;  
 While wretched we about the world must roam,  
 And leave our pleasing fields, and native home,  
 Here at your ease you sing your amorous flame, 5  
 And the wood rings with Amarilla's name.

*Tityrus.* Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,  
 For I shall never think him less than God ;  
 Oft on his altars shall my firstlings lie,  
 Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye : 10  
 He gave my flocks to graze the flowry meads,  
 And me to tune at ease th' unequal reeds.

*Milebæus.* My admiration only I express,  
 (No spark of envy harbours in my breast)  
 That when confusion o'er the country reigns, 15  
 To you alone this happy state remains.  
 Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,  
 Far from their ancient fields and humble cots.  
 This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock  
 Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock. 20  
 Had we not been perverse and careless grown,  
 This dire event by omens was foreshewn ;



Our trees were blasted by the thunder stroke,  
 And left-hand crows from an old hollow oak.  
 Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak. 26

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

## BOOK I. ODE XXII.

**T**HE man, my friend, whose conscions heart  
 With virtue's fac'd ardour glows,  
 Nor taints with death th' envenom'd dart,  
 Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows :

Through Scythia's icy cliffs he treads, 5  
 Or horrid Afric's faithless sands ;  
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads  
 His liquid wealth o'er barb'rous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,  
 Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd ; 10  
 Me singing, careless, and unarm'd,  
 A grisly wolf surpris'd, and fled,

No savage more portentous stain'd  
 Apulias spacious wilds with gore ;  
 None fiercer Juba's thirsty land, 15  
 Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale  
 Among the quiv'ring branches sighs ,  
 Where clouds condens'd for ever veil  
 With horrid gloom the frowning skies ; 20

Place me beneath the burning line,  
 A clime deny'd to human race ;  
 I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,  
 Her heavenly voice, and beauteous face. 24

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

## BOOK II. ODE IX.

**C**LOUDS do not always veil the skies,  
 Nor showers immerse the verdant plain ;  
 Nor do the billows always rise,  
 Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on the Armenian shores 5  
 Do the chain'd waters always freeze ;

Not always furious Borears roars,  
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,  
For Myfles dead you ever mourn ; 10  
No setting Sol can ease your cares,  
But finds you sad at his return,

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage,  
Mourn'd not Antilochus so long ;  
Nor did King Priam's hoary age 13  
So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these woman's sighs,  
Augustus' numerous trophies sing ;  
Repeat that prince's victories.  
To whom all nations tribute bring. 20

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,  
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,  
Content to live the Romans' slave,  
And scarce forsakes his native fields. 24

### TRANSLATION.

*Of part of the Dialogue between Hector and Andromache.*

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

**S**HE ceas'd : then godlike Hector answer'd kind,  
(His various plumage sporting in the wind)  
That post, and all the rest, shall be my care ;  
But shall I then forsake the unfinish'd war ?  
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name !  
And one base action sully all my fame, 6  
Acquir'd by wounds and battles bravely fought !  
Oh ! how my soul abhors so mean a thought :  
Long have I learn'd to slight this fleeting breath,  
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death. 10  
The inexorable Sisters have decreed  
That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed :  
The day shall come, in which proud Troy shall yield,  
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.  
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age, 15  
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty rage,

Nor my brave brothers that have bit the ground,  
 Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,  
 Can in my bosom half that grief create,  
 As the sad thought of your impending fate: 20  
 When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,  
 Mimic your tears, and ridicule your woes:  
 Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,  
 And fainting scarce support the liquid weight:  
 Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry, 25  
 Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!  
 Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous eyes,  
 And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!  
 Before that day, by some brave hero's hand,  
 May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand! 30

## TO MISS \*\*\*\*

*On her playing upon a Harpsichord in a Room hung with Flower-pieces  
 of her own Painting.*

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string  
 In scenes of imitated spring,  
 Where beauty lavishes her powers  
 On beds of never-fading flowers,  
 And pleasure propagates around 5  
 Each charm of modulâted sound;  
 Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,  
 The nymph fictitious as the flower,  
 But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,  
 Nor tempt the snares of wily love. 10  
 When charms thus press on every sense,  
 What thought of flight or of defence?  
 Deceitful hope and vain desire,  
 For ever flutter o'er her lyre,  
 Delighting as the youth draws nigh, 15  
 To point the glances of her eye,  
 And forming with unerring art  
 New chains to hold the captive heart.  
 But on those regions of delight  
 Might truth intrude with daring flight. 20  
 Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,  
 One moment hear the moral song,

Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring  
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.

Mark when from thouſand mingled dyes 25  
Thou ſeeſt one pleaſing form ariſe,  
How active light and thoughtful ſhade,  
In greater ſcenes each other aid.  
Mark when the different notes agree  
In friendly contrariety, 30  
How paſſions well accorded ſtrife,  
Gives all the harmony of life ;  
Thy pictures ſhall thy conduct frame,  
Conſiſtent ſtill, though not the ſame ;  
Thy muſic teach the nobler art,  
To tune the regulated heart. 36

### EVENING,

AN ODE. TO STELLA.

**E**VENING now from purple wings  
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings ;  
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed ;  
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream 5  
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;  
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,  
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love.  
Stella, thither let us ſtray !  
Lightly o'er the dewy way. 10  
Phœbus drives his burning car,  
Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;  
In his ſteed, the queen of night  
Round us pours a lambent light ;  
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow 15  
Breſts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;  
Let us now in whiſper'd joy,  
Evening's ſilent hours employ,  
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,  
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades ; 20  
Other pleaſures give them pain,  
Lovers all but love diſdain. 22

**W**HETHER Stella's eyes are found,  
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,  
If her face with pleasure glow,  
If she sigh at others woe,  
If her easy air express  
Conscious worth or soft distress,  
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,  
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd  
Pendant gems and rich brocade, 10  
If her chintz with less expence  
Flows in easy negligence;  
Still she lights the conscious flame,  
Still her charms appear the same;  
If she strikes the vocal strings, 15  
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,  
If she sit, or if she move,  
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,  
Which alone can please by chance, 20  
Beauty, which depends on art,  
Changing with the changing art,  
Which demands the toilet's aid,  
Pendant gems, and rich brocade.  
I those charms alone can prize, 25  
Which from constant nature rise,  
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,  
E'er can make, or more, or less. 28

TO A FRIEND.

**N**O more thus brooding o'er yon heap,  
With avarice painful vigils keep;  
Still unenjoy'd the present store,  
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.  
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize, 5  
Which not all India's treasure buys!  
To purchase heaven has gold the power?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour?  
In life can love be bought with gold?  
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold? 10

No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,  
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.  
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way, 15  
 Or learn the muse's moral lay ;  
 In social hours indulge thy soul,  
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl ;  
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,  
 And be, by blessing beauty—blest. 20

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,  
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled ;  
 Come taste with me the balm of life,  
 Secure from pomp and wealth and strife.  
 I boast whate'er for man was meant, 25  
 In health, and Stella, and content ;  
 And scorn ! Oh ! let that scorn be thine !  
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine. 28

### TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

**T**HIS tributary verse, receive, my fair,  
 Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer.  
 May this returning day for ever find  
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind ;  
 All pains, all cares, may favouring heaven remove, 5  
 All but the sweet solitudes of love !  
 May powerful nature join with grateful art,  
 To point each glance, and force it to the heart !  
 O then, when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,  
 When e'en proud wealth and prouder wit obey, 10  
 My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,  
 Alas ! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.  
 Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ :  
 Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy :  
 With his own form acquaint the forward fool, 15  
 Shown in the faithful glass of ridicule ;  
 Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,  
 No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,  
 So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind. 19

## EPILOGUE

*Intended to have been spoken by a Lady who was to personate the Ghost of Hermione.*

YE blooming train, who give despair or joy,  
 Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy ;  
 In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,  
 And with unerring shafts distribute fate ;  
 Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes, 5  
 Each youth admires, though each admirer dies ;  
 Whilst you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,  
 Unpitying see them weep, and hear them pray,  
 And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away ;  
 For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains, 10  
 Where sable night in all her horror reigns ;  
 No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,  
 Receive the unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.  
 For kind, for tender nymphs, the myrtle blooms,  
 And weaves her bending boughs in pleasing glooms ;  
 Perennial roses deck each purple vale, 16  
 And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale ;  
 Far hence, are banish'd vapours, spleen and tears,  
 Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs ;  
 No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys, 20  
 The balmy kiss for which poor Thyrsis dies ;  
 Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,  
 Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms ;  
 No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame,  
 For those who feel no guilt can know no shame ; 25  
 Unfaded still their former charms they show,  
 Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new.  
 But cruel virgins meet severer fates ;  
 Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,  
 To dismal realms, and regions void of peace, 30  
 Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss,  
 O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh,  
 And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the sky,  
 With livid hue the fairest face o'ercast,  
 And ev'ry beauty withers at the blast. 35

Where'er they fly their lover's ghosts pursue,  
 Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;  
 Vexation, fury, jealousy, despair,  
 Vex ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom tear;  
 Their foul deformities by all discry'd, 40  
 No maid to flatter and no paint to hide.  
 Then melt, ye fair, while crowds around you sigh,  
 Nor let disdain sit low'ring in your eye;  
 With pity soften ev'ry awful grace,  
 And beauty smile auspicious in each face; 45  
 To ease their pain exert your milder power,  
 So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore. 47

### THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

**W**HEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,  
 Forfakes his rural sports and peaceful home,  
 Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields;  
 He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry fields;  
 Then dances jocund o'er the watery way, 5  
 While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play:  
 Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,  
 And future millions lift his rising soul;  
 In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,  
 And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine. 10  
 Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,  
 Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise;  
 Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore,  
 And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.  
 So the young author panting after fame, 15  
 And the long honours of a lasting name,  
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,  
 More false, more cruel than the seas or wind.  
 Toil on, dull crowd, in ecstasies he cries,  
 For wealth, or title, perishable prize; 20  
 While I those transitory blessings scorn,  
 Secure of praise from ages yet unborn.  
 This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too late,  
 He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;  
 Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread, 25  
 And feels the unfading wreath surround his head.



Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth be wise,  
 Those dreams were Settle's once, and Ogilby's!  
 The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise,  
 To some retreat the baffled writer flies; 30  
 Where no four critics snarl, no sneers molest,  
 Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging jest;  
 There begs of heaven, a less distinguish'd lot,  
 Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot. 34

## FRIENDSHIP:

*AN ODE.*

PRINTED IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1743.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,  
 The noble minds delight and pride,  
 To men and angels only given,  
 To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest, 5  
 Parent of thousand wild desires,  
 The savage and the human breast  
 Torment alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
 Alike o'er all his light'nings fly, 20  
 Thy lambent glories only beam  
 Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,  
 On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
 In vain for thee the tyrant sighs, 25  
 And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,  
 O guide us through life's darksome way  
 And let the torture's of mistrust  
 On selfish bosoms only prey. 30

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,  
 When souls to peaceful climes remove:  
 What raised our virtue here below,  
 Shall aid our happiness above. 24

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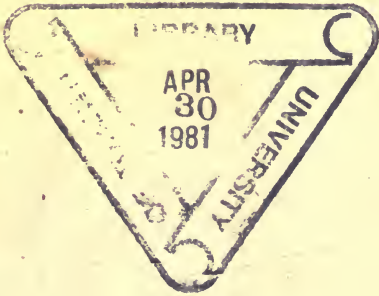
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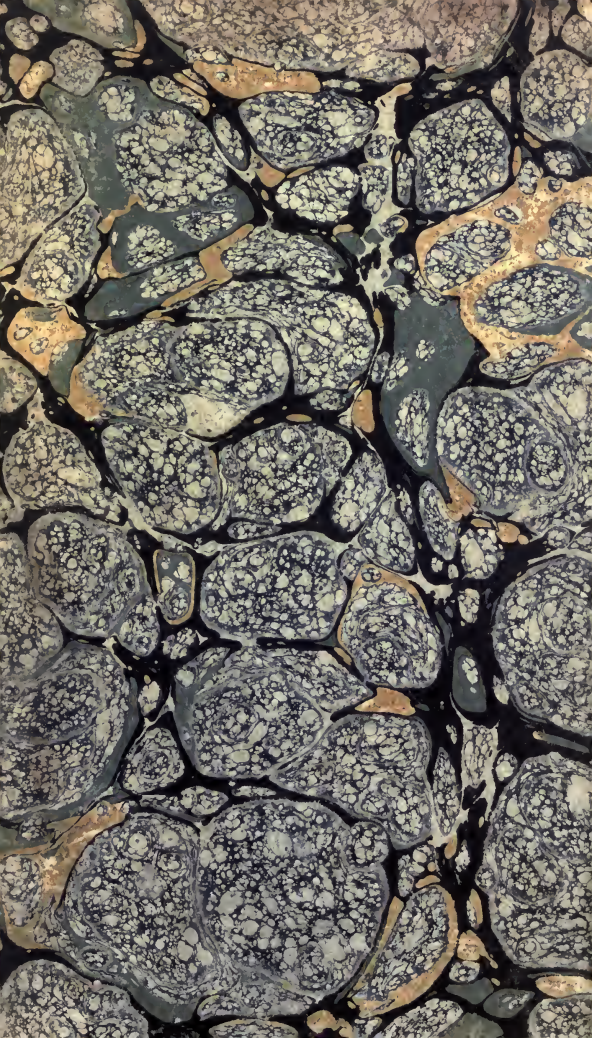


















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